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TERRIBLE AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT ON MAIN ST. EARLY SUNDAY MORNING

Harold Backus, Killed; Harold McCarthy, Badly Injured, and Frank Purtle, Severely Bruised.

RAN THE CAR INTO A TELEPHONE POLE

The Accident was Probably Due to An Explosion or Blow-up of The Tire on Right Front Wheel.

BACKUS LIVED THREE HOURS AFTER THE ACCIDENT

His Head Was Crushed Against Pole, His Right Shoulder Fractured and Left Thumb Broken—McCarthy's Lower Jaw Broken In Three Places and Face Terribly Bruised and Lacerated—Purtle's Injuries are slight—Funeral of Harold Backus Held Yesterday Afternoon—The Car Belonged to Judge J. W. Bouton and is a Total Wreck.

The most terrible automobile accident that has ever occurred in this county took place on Main street of this borough at about half past three o'clock Sunday morning when Harold Backus was killed, Harold McCarthy was most seriously injured and Frank Purtle sustained some painful bruises, that kept him confined to the house for several days.

These three young men were driving down Main street in Judge Joseph W. Bouton's new Maxwell touring car, evidently at a fast rate of speed, and when they reached Union street they failed to make the turn in Main street and crashed into two telephone poles on the south side of the street, almost directly in front of the May Kern's building which was recently occupied by Anderson and Carlson as a shoe store while their new building was being erected.

Harold Backus, who was chauffeur for Judge Bouton and was driving the car, was thrown head first against one of the poles, rendering him unconscious and inflicting injuries to his head which caused his death at five minutes after six o'clock that morning. Harold McCarthy, who was riding on the front seat with him was thrown headlong on the pavement, sustaining three distinct fractures of the lower jaw besides having his face terribly lacerated and bruised. Frank Purtle, who was riding alone on the back seat was thrown clear over the front of the car and landed on the brick pavement fully fifteen feet beyond where the car stopped, and, strange as it may seem, he escaped with only a bad shaking up and a bruised shoulder.

As soon as he could gather himself together he went to County Treasurer Frank P. Isherwood's door and upon getting a response asked him to 'phone for medical aid saying that there had been an automobile accident and two men had been injured. Mr. Isherwood had heard the crash and was dressing when the alarm came to his door and he lost no time in arousing several physicians.

Purtle then returned to the wreck and picked Backus up, holding his head in his lap, and when Mr. Isherwood came down they bathed his head with water with the hopes of reviving him. Doctors Chadwick, Clark, Ostrander and Hamilton were soon on the scene and Backus was placed upon an improvised stretcher and carried to his home four blocks up the street.

In the meantime McCarthy got up and, in a dazed condition, wandered down to Water street and from there up a couple of blocks and back to Main street and into Purtle's hotel where friends found him and assisted him to his home in the living apartments of the county jail.

Purtle, after assistance had come to Backus, started a search for McCarthy and upon learning that McCarthy had been assisted to his home, collapsed and had to have assistance to his room.

As soon as Harold Backus was taken home, Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane of Kane was telephoned for and he made a quick trip in his automobile. However the young man was past all earthly aid and he passed to the Great Beyond at five minutes after six, without regaining consciousness. The right side of his head was badly crushed and there was a brain puncture probably caused by a spike in the pole and the terrific force of impact when he struck.

Harold McCarthy, after reaching his home received the attention of physicians and it was with much difficulty that his jaw was set owing to the lacerated and swollen condition of his entire face and neck. And several times since the broken members have become displaced, making it necessary to re-set the fractures. At first it was feared that he might suffer concussion of the brain, but now that danger is practically over and his chances for complete recovery are very good.

Just what was the cause which brought about this terrible tragedy has been the subject of much discussion and many theories have been advanced. Chauffeur Backus never regained consciousness to tell any story. McCarthy's injuries have prevented his making any statement, and Purtle, who was in the rear seat, can only state that it all happened so quick that he does not know what did happen. He says he spoke to Backus about making the turn but he was busy with the steering wheel and levers and in an instant the crash came.

So it only remains to arrive at the best solution of the cause from the conditions as found by others. The car, after striking the pole, turned about three-fourths around so it looked as though it had been coming from the other direction. The spokes of the right front wheel were entirely broken out, a deep dent in the rim and the inner tube of this wheel was split open about fifteen inches next to the rim. The spokes in the other wheels were bent and cracked and the left rear tire was partially off. The three tires were intact and filled with air. The body of the car was badly damaged. Both lights and wind shield were entirely demolished. The radiator and hood bent and twisted; the engines casings, crank shaft and balance wheel broken; the front wheels doubled under the car; control levers badly bent and broken, and the front seat driven back nearly to the rear seat on the right side. All a mute witness of a terrible wreck.

How it Happened.

From what we can learn these three young men had been to the dance at the Lyceum and after the dance was over went to the restaurant for a lunch. They then decided to take a ride and the three went up to the garage and got the car. They drove up onto Main street and then down Main street to Union street where the accident happened. The car apparently sped right along in a straight line until it hit the curb in front of Geo. W. Brennan's store, swerved a little to the left and continued down until it hit the two telephone poles which stand close together, about thirty-five feet further on.

Now the question arises, why didn't Backus, who had the reputation of being a good, careful driver, make this turn, which is in no way considered a difficult one? Some rushed to the conclusion that they were going at a terrific rate of speed and merely did not attempt to make the turn until it was too late, but others more familiar with automobiles and the troubles that go with them have vastly different opinions.

One chauffeur, who has had a good deal of experience in handling cars under various conditions, says that, after discussing the question with other drivers and thoroughly examining the wreck, he is satisfied that the disaster was caused by a blow-out of the right front tire, which he says would make it almost impossible, if they were driving fast, to steer the car to the left as was necessary to make this turn. He says that the only thing that could have made such a dent as appeared in the rim of the right front wheel would be its coming in rapid contact with the curb with the tire flat. If the tire had been full of air when it struck the curb this dent could not have been made no matter how fast the car might have been going.

In support of this theory is the fact that Mrs. Charles McKean who resides about one hundred feet away and was awake at the time heard a sharp report like the firing of a revolver, which is the noise made by a blow-out, and an instant later came the terrible crash of the collision with the poles. Another condition which bears out this theory is the fact that many of those who were first upon the scene noticed that for a distance of fifty or sixty feet in the path of the car before it hit the curb, that a narrow strip of the pavement was as clean from dust and dirt as though it had been carefully swept, which is the case when a tire explodes and the car continues with the tire flat. And to further uphold this theory is the fact that where the car first struck the curb very noticeable portions of sand were ground off its edge, a condition that would hardly occur had it been the rubber tire instead of the iron rim that rubbed against the curb.

Had Other Accidents.

Although generally considered a careful driver and a good man with a car he has been unlucky. About two years ago while riding with his brother, J. C. Backus, he got out to crank the latter's car, and when he started the engines the car made a quick forward start, knocking him down and quite badly bruising him before his brother could stop the machine.

Again this spring he was painfully injured in a similar manner. He cranked Judge Bouton's car in the garage to find that the machinery was in mesh on the slow speed and the car started forward, catching him against a work bench and squeezing him until his back and abdomen were seriously bruised. And he was only released when his cries were heard by a neighboring chauffeur who rushed to his aid.

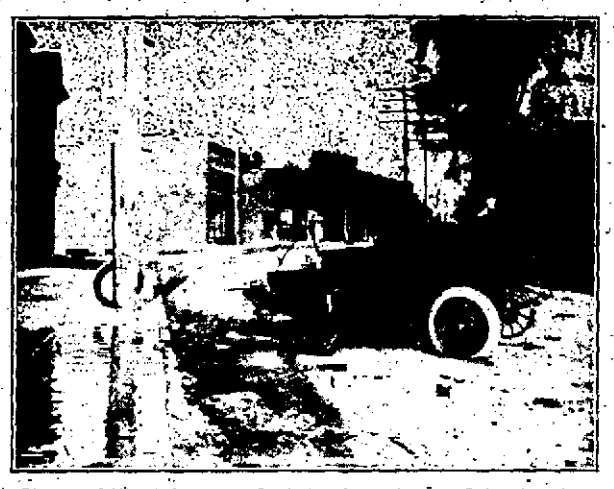
Sketch of His Life.

Harold E. Backus, youngest child of Major and Mrs. John C. Backus, was born in this borough November 2, 1886. He has lived in this place all his life with the exception of a short time he was in school in Pittsburgh and in New York for a few months learning the automobile business. For the past two seasons he has driven Judge Bouton's car and was always a careful, conservative driver.

He was an honored member of the Smethport Fire Department and had a host of friends in that organization as well as among the young people of the town with whom he was well-known.

He is survived by his mother, Mrs. Mary A. Backus; four brothers, Frank S., J. Clayton, Frederick W. and Murl E., all of this borough, and two sisters, Mrs. W. T. Seger of New York City, and Mrs. Arthur W. Cutler of Oneata, N. Y., whom with a host of friends will deeply mourn his untimely demise.

The funeral services were held at the house Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. J. Heber McCandless and Rev. W. E. VanDyke officiating. His remains were laid at rest in the family plot in Rose Hill cemetery. The Smethport Fire Department attended the funeral in a body. The floral tributes were numerous and unusually beautiful.



Picture of Wreck Taken at Daylight—Star Nearest Poles is where Harold Backus was Found—Other Star Marks Where Harold McCarthy Fell.

CUTLERY MEN NEGOTIATING.

Location Will Probably Be Decided Upon Next Saturday.

The question of whether the Case Brothers Cutlery Co. will continue to do business in Smethport will probably be decided on Saturday next.

Last week, after a conference of the Case Brothers Co. and the Cut Glass Co. it was understood that if the citizens would raise $2,000 to assist in the purchase of the Cut Glass factory that the plant would be re-located here without question. A committee took out a subscription paper and in a short time the necessary money was pledged by our public spirited citizens and it was thought the matter was settled.

However when these two concerns met again certain questions arose which have delayed the closing of the deal. Just what these questions are have not been given out to the public, but we trust that all will be satisfactorily arranged before Saturday and that Case Brothers will continue to make cutlery in Smethport.

DEATH OF MRS. PIHL.

Passed Away at Hazelhurst Tuesday Morning.

Died at the home of her son, F. T. Anderson, at Hazelhurst, Tuesday, Mrs. F. T. Pihl, aged 75 years.

Mrs. Pihl was born in Sweden, March 1, 1835. In 1889 she came to this country and has resided in this section since. Her husband died in this borough 8 years ago.

Mrs. Pihl is survived by three sons and one daughter: C. J. Anderson of Erie; Albert Anderson, the well known shoe dealer of Smethport; F. T. Anderson of Hazelhurst, and Mrs. Anna Berghel of Jamestown, N. Y. She is also survived by one brother, G. E. Anderson, of Stromburg, Neb.

The funeral will be held at the Swedish Lutheran church, this borough, at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon, Rev. L. W. Gullstrom of Olean officiating. Interment will be made in Rose Hill cemetery.

DEATH OF HENRY COOK.

Aged Man Passed Away at His Home in Farmers Valley Friday.

Henry Cook died at his home in Farmers Valley last Friday at 5 o'clock, p. m., aged 77 years, after a lingering illness of over a year. Mr. Cook had resided in that vicinity for upwards of twenty years; was a millwright by trade, and for the last few years he had manufactured axe and hammer handles, for which he found a ready sale.

He leaves a widow to mourn his death.

Valley Grange, No. 1190, of which Mr. Cook was a member, had charge of the funeral which was held at the home Monday morning, and interment was made in the Port Allegany cemetery.

The P., S. & N. R. R. Shops.

Again there are rumors that the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company is looking for a location for their shops and that Smethport is one of the places considered.

How much truth there is to this rumor we are unable to learn but it would be well for our enterprising business men to look into this matter and use their best efforts to induce this company to put the shops here.

I have just received a car load of salt, all grades, common fine and diamond F rock salt, and also all grades of dairy and table salt which I offer at the lowest market price.

G. W. KING,
East Smethport.

SMETHPORT'S BIG FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

Its Going to be the Biggest and Greatest Ever.

INTERESTING EVENTS SCHEDULED.

A Partial Program Included Here—Parades, Races and Games—Chorus of 200 Voices—Everybody Should Come and Have the Time of Their Lives.

That Smethport's Fourth of July celebration will be one of the largest and best ever held in this county, and from present indications there will be an unprecedented large crowd here to enjoy the sport, and everybody in this section is making preparations to join the crowd and come to Smethport and have the best time of their lives.

The committee in charge is making every possible effort to perfect the program of events and by Saturday everything will be in readiness for the big day.

The work of decorating the town commenced this morning and all the business places will have a gala appearance by the last of the week. All citizens are also requested to decorate their homes and assist as much as possible in adding to the general good appearance of the town.

The automobile parade consisting of about fifty automobiles carrying about 200 little children will start from the court house at 9 o'clock. All owners and drivers are requested to be present promptly at 8:45, and all school children under ten years of age are also requested to be there at this time each carrying a flag. Motor-cycle and bicycle owners are requested to join this parade with their cycles decorated.

The industrial parade will follow at 10 a. m. and will be in charge of the Odd Fellows Lodges of Smethport and Hazelhurst and the Red Men tribes of Smethport and Crosby. A prize of $10 will be given for the best looking float.

At 11:30 a. m. the 15-mile motor-cycle race will be pulled off. The probable course will be up Potato creek to Hamlin and return.

At 11 o'clock the 3-mile bicycle race will be pulled off, and at the same time the 5-mile marathon foot race will be started. The beautiful silver cup which is the first prize in this race is on exhibition in Engstrom & Olson's jewelry shop window.

The time from then till noon will be taken up with a number of races which include: The 100 yard dash, free-for-all, purse $10; wheel barrow race, purse $2; sack race, purse $2; potato race, purse $2; fat man's race, purse $2; 100 yard race for Red Men, purse $5; 100 yard race for Odd Fellows, purse $5.

Another prize which should not be overlooked is a barrel of flour to the person bringing into town the largest load of people.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the patriotic exercises on the court house lawn will be commenced, which includes a musical program in which Miss Irma Wells and others assisted by a chorus of 200 children will take part. The oration will be made by Rev. Delos H. Dunbar of Obi, N. Y., and the Declaration of Independence will be read by Thomas H. Morrison, Esq., of this borough.

The big ball game will be pulled off at Kane field at 3 p. m. between Mt. Jewett and Smethport. The Smethport players have been getting in training for the past few days and it is said that the old favorites are in excellent condition and will put up a great game. The grounds have been greatly improved and a fast game is expected. This is the only event that a charge will be made for and the admission is 25 cents.

Immediately after the ball game the tug of war for the championship of Potter and McKean counties will be pulled off in front of the court house. The prize to the winners is $25.00.

The fantastic parade will be put on early in the evening and while the committee having charge of this event will not divulge the nature of the proceedings we feel confident that it will be one of the big events of the day.

The display of fireworks will probably take place on Brennan's hill where the whole town can see them will follow the fantastic parade. This display includes a number of set pieces and will be without question the best seen in this section for a good many years.

Special trains will leave on the Kushequa Route for Mt. Jewett and Kushequa and on the Pennsylvania Railroad for points on the Potato creek valley at 11 o'clock, and a train will be provided for the accomodation of the Clermont and Hazelhurst visitors.

By this program which will be faithfully carried out, it may be seen that Smethport is going to have the big celebration in this section, and those who are looking for a good time will be here with all their friends.

PASSION PLAYERS COMING.

World-Famed Peasant Company to Present Great Spectacle at East Aurora Next Summer.

An East Aurora special of June 27, says: A cablegram to Elbert Hubbard yesterday from Martin Beck, the New York impresario, who is in Switzerland, conveys the information that the peasant Passion Players of Oberammergau will come to this village next summer and give a month's presentation of the Passion Play. The cable was received yesterday and was one of only two words, "Have succeeded," and was signed "Martin Beck."

Elbert Hubbard, associated with Martin Beck, has been trying for some time to bring the famous Passion Play to America, in fact to East Aurora, and produce exactly along the same lines that it has been done in Switzerland for many centuries past. Mr. Hubbard explained the situation to the News representative:

"You see, the theatrical men of America have been trying to get the Passion Play artists to come to this country for years. They are a religious people, and their art is a sort of creed. They spurned all offers of money, fabulous sums, because it seemed a sacrilege to present this wonderful play for money, and particularly in a theatre. We have overcome all obstacles. We learned that these simple peasants wanted to build a beautiful church in Oberammergau. We showed them a way to do it. Mr. Beck went straight to the Pope at Rome and laid our plan before him. We guarantee them $25,000 to come, and they are to have all the surplus over that amount and their expenses. This is not a money-making matter; we give them all. When the play had been laid before the Pope he offered no objection if they took this method of raising the necessary money to build their new church."

Mr. Hubbard said a mammoth auditorium would be built on the tract of land which he owns south of Cazenovia Creek, at the foot of Grove street. The whole landscape will be rearranged to correspond as nearly as possible with the native surroundings at Oberammergau. An enormous bridge will be built across the creek at this point. The company is composed of over 200 artists, and a portrayel of the life and times of Christ, as interpreted by the famous residents of Oberammergau will occupy the people of this place for the coming year.

STABBING AT COUDERSPORT.

An Italian Foreman Was Stabbed by An Unknown Countryman.

Coudersport, Pa., June 28.—Herbert Mingos, the trusted Italian foreman of John Ryan & company, State road contractors, was stabbed probably fatally to-day by an unknown Italian for whom the authorities are now scouring the country with armed posses. The Italian was located at the Tannery store a mile from the village, and an officer sent there but the man received warning in time to escape.

Ryan & Company are building the State road between Austin and Costello. Mingos is the foreman on the job. About 8 o'clock this morning he got into an altercation with one of the men over the question of wages. The man became very angry and drew a long knife and stabbed Mingos, aiming for his bowels. Mingos stooped just in time and caught the knife in the fleshy part of the groin so that his bowels were not perforated to any great extent. It will be due to this fact that he will owe his life, if he recovers.

The Italian who did the stabbing is described as six feet tall, with long, curly black hair. He has a swarthy complexion. He is 22 or 23 years of age, and was dressed in a light suit.

WANTED.

Ladies wishing to avoid the Hot stove and over heated house, and at same time reduce the Gas Bill to call at Means Hardware and see the Jewel Flat Iron.

A Quiet Time This Fourth.

THEY talk about pertectin' us,
To keep the Fourth in peace,
But we ain't makin' any fuss
Nor askin' fer police.
We ain't afraid of smoke 'n' noise,
Er little lumps of lead,
N' why should they blame livin' boys
Because some boys is dead?

IT ain't my fault that Willie blew
His hand off, like a chump.
I told him what those big ones do;
He needn't 'a' took the stump.
It ain't my fault a rocket flies
'N' hits some him er her;
Somebody's got to wear glass eyes—
That's what glass eyes is fer!

THERE ain't no Declaration—naw;
There ain't no Fourth July;
There ain't no free 'n' equal law,
'N' Washington could lie.
They never dumped no Boston tea;
It's fakey, all you hear,—
Fer pop says there ain't goin' to be
No shootin' off this year.

IT ain't my fault the fuse went out
'N' Tom went up 'n' blew;
Besides, he's just as well without
His extry ear er two.
They cut off Oscar's leg, but he
Don't seem to miss it much;
He'd beat us hoppin' yet if we
'Ud let him use his crutch.

IT ain't my fault the stuff was bad
They made Jim's pistol of;
Besides, the preacher said, "We're glad
He's happier up above!"
Bet I'd be happier, anyhow,
Most any place but here,
Where they ain't goin' to allow
No shootin' off this year!
—Edmund Vance Cooke in Brooklyn Citizen.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

It is the duty of every man to celebrate a day like this and to buy fireworks for his family. I am in favor of allowing the children to set part of them off in the morning of the Fourth, for nobody knows how a boy suffers if he has firecrackers and can't set them off.

No country can celebrate a day as well as we can. We have got more money than anybody else, and we certainly have got enough speakers.

I suppose there are a hundred thousand men thinking up Fourth of July speeches at this minute, and it is not too many. I hope every one of those men will remind the boys who listen to him that this is the greatest country on earth and that it can lick any other.

That is the great truth to keep hammering home. Confidence in yourself and confidence in your own country should be every American's motto, and while he has that motto he can laugh at kings and tyrants, because he knows they stand no living chance.

As for the so called Americans that bow down to English royalty and turn up their pants without any cause, I have no excuses to make for them. They are unworthy of their country, and, while I have known dudes that could put up a pretty good fight in a corner, I advise no man to rely on them.

My advice to Americans, young and old, is to be patriotic all the time. Yell for your country and think of George Washington every time a firecracker goes off. Invite your friends to share with you in moderation whatever you have and, without being boisterous, remind every foreigner you see that America can lick his country, whichever it is. This drives the foreigners to naturalization, which is only right, and it keeps the sacred flame of patriotism alive.

As a matter of fact, this is the only country on earth, for if China is bigger it makes no difference. It takes all the good in a hundred Chinamen to make a bad American, anyhow, and besides, they don't know what to eat.

The Russian nation is big, but it is a mixed up crowd. I'm told they sleep on stoves, and there isn't a day in any week that we couldn't lick Russia.

The other nations don't count. Ireland is too small, and, besides, Ireland is a part of America. The Germans and the French can speak foreign languages, but fighting is not in their line and never has been. In all history you cannot find even a good middleweight among the French. What is more, they fight with their feet, and, as poor old Toppy Maguire used to say, a man that will fight with his feet will think with them.—John L. Sullivan in New York World.

Preparing For Safe Fourth.

"Hey, neighbor! What you diggin'?"
"Cyclone cellar."
"W'y, this ain't a cyclone deestrick."
"Nope—not ginerally speakin'. But I'm hustlin' t' git this cellar done in time."
"In time fer wimt?"
"For the Fourth o' July, that's what."

INDEPENDENCE DAY NOT OFFICIALLY NATIONAL.

The greatest of American holidays, the Fourth of July, is by many supposed to be a national holiday, but strange as it may seem, although observed in every part of the Union, there is no national law setting aside *Independence Day as a holiday*. As far as the United States statutes are concerned the Fourth is in no way different from any other day in the year. The observance of the nation's birthday is left to the people and states individually, and in so doing the central government has made no mistake. Its confidence in the people has not been misplaced, for in every state an act has been passed decreeing that the day shall be observed as a legal holiday, and, although in a few of the southern states business is transacted with but little change from the usual, in the majority and especially in the northern and western states the day is commemorated in a manner fitting so important an occasion.

THE NATION'S DAY.

In every patriotic heart
It lives—the famous date
When Freedom took a desperate chance
And played a game with Fate.
Upon this one immortal day
The balances went down,
And a starry flag upon the scales
Outweighed King George's crown.

From countless graves on land and sea
This day our heroes come
As regiments of men fall in
At sound of life and drum.
Once more the dews upon the rose
Are turned to drops of blood,
And battle smoke and parting souls
Seem thick in field and wood.

In many an old Virginia home
This morning you will see
A portrait of one who gave
His life for liberty.
Draped with the stars and stripes it hangs,
And far among the pines
Of Maine above the cottage door
The same bright emblem shines.

The Fourth is sacred to their fame,
Their glory fills the sky—
These men whose souls go marching on:
Whose victories never die.
So let the cannon thunder out
A loud refrain while north
And south and east and west unite
To keep a glorious Fourth.
—Minna Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

SAVING THE DECLARATION.

COMPARATIVELY few of the present generation know how near to being lost was once the most precious of our national documents, the Declaration of Independence. It was during the war of 1812. The Declaration of Independence hung for many years in a frame in the state department in the room then occupied by Stephen Pleasonton, who moved to Washington in 1800 with the government. Mr. Monroe, when he was elected president, created a new office, which was conferred upon Mr. Pleasonton, that of chief of the lighthouse establishment, to which was added the auditing of the ministerial and consular accounts. This office was retained by Mr. Pleasonton under all the succeeding administrations until his death, which occurred in 1855.

Mr. Beasley, commissary of prisoners of war in London, forwarded to the state department some London newspapers stating that the English fleets and transports were receiving troops at Bordeaux, France, with the intention of operating against Washington and Baltimore. Soon after it was learned that the British fleet was in the Chesapeake bay and that it was ascending the Patuxent. The officials and citizens of the little Capital City were hourly expecting an attack.

Mr. Pleasonton purchased some coarse linen and had it made into bags of suitable size, in which he, assisted by the others of the office, placed the books and other papers.

While engaged in this work General Armstrong, then secretary of war, passing the state department on his way to his own office, remarked that he thought they were unnecessarily alarming themselves, as he did not think the British were serious in their intentions of coming to Washington. Fortunately Mr. Pleasonton was of a different opinion.

For the papers which Mr. Pleasonton had placed in the coarse linen bags comprised the secret journals of congress, then not published; the correspondence of General Washington, his commission, resigned at the close of the war; the correspondence of General Greene and other officers of the Revolution, as well as laws, treaties and correspondence of the department of state from the adoption of the constitution down to that time.

Mr. Pleasonton had the bags carted to a gristmill, which he selected as a suitable depository, two miles above Georgetown.

The last load had left and Mr. Pleasonton was just quitting the vacant rooms when, turning back suddenly to see whether anything had been left behind, to his consternation he saw the Declaration of Independence, which had been overlooked, still hanging upon the wall. He hastily cut it out of the frame and carried it away with the other papers.

He then began to be uneasy about the place he had chosen, for if the British took Washington, which he firmly believed they would do, and very soon at that, they would in all probability detach a force to destroy a foundry for the making of cannon and shot in the neighborhood and, of course, would consider a gristmill too valuable a thing to be left standing in a country they meant to subdue. Mr. Pleasonton, therefore visited some of the Virginia farmhouses, whose owners were only too willing to lend him wagons in which to convey the documents to Leesburg, a distance of thirty-five miles. There they were deposited in an empty house.

Worn out with his labors, Mr. Pleasonton states in a letter, he retired early to bed that night and slept soundly. Next morning he was informed by the people of the little tavern where he had stayed that evening that they had seen during the night the same being the 24th of August, a large fire in the direction of Washington, which proved to be the light from the public buildings, which the enemy had set on fire and burned to the ground.

When he returned to Washington on the 26th he found the public buildings still burning and learned that the British army had evacuated the city the preceding evening.

TEN LITTLE FIRECRACKERS.

Ten little firecrackers looking fit and fine.
One dropped off the bunch; then there were nine.

Nine little firecrackers awaiting their fate.
One became a squizzer; then there were eight.

Eight little firecrackers, three shy of eleven.
One lost its fuse, and then remained seven.

Seven little firecrackers lying on the bricks.
A goat swallowed one, but overlooked six.

Six little firecrackers glad to be alive.
Water wetted one, but never touched five.

Five little firecrackers in readiness to roar.
One proved noiseless, reducing them to four.

Four little firecrackers waiting lit to be.
One's still waiting, so there only were three.

Three little firecrackers not knowing what to do.
One did nothing and left more work for two.

Two little firecrackers, their task almost begun.
Half of them got stepped upon, leaving just one.

One little firecracker, bound to be good,
Blew off baby's fingers as well as it could.
—Pittsburg Press.

CELEBRATIN' THE FOURTH.

'TWAS the Fourth, an' the dye o' the blue mornin' sky
An' the red o' the sun, doin' fast,
An' the white o' the mist made a flag that was kissed
By the breeze dilly dallyin' past,
While the quail's meller fife stirred the echoes to life,
An' the drum o' the pheasant beat time,
An' all nature was gay in respect for the day,
An' the weather was proper an' prime.

'LONG the broad country road rattled load after load
O' good people, a laughy parade—
Little rosy cheeked girls all in flounces an' curls,
Little boys dressed in gay colorads,
Happy sweethearts an' spouses, older folks in good clo'es—
Lookin' over so starchy an' glum,
An' the teams all a-prance in a sidestepp'n' dance
To the tune o' the fife an' the drum.

BATTLED LOAD AFTER LOAD.

DOWN the long Bailey hill, past the ol' Newsome mill,
'Cross the creek an' a turn to the right,
An' the grounds an' the stand an' the crowd was at hand
An' the whole celebration in sight.
There was people from Brun; there was folks from Dutch Run,
A respectable showin' from Cly,
An' a batch from Green Vale an' another from Dale,
Celebratin' the Fourth o' July.

EVERYBODY was there—all the homely an' fair,
All the wise an' the feeble o' mind,
All the timid an' bold, an' the young an' the old,
An' the lame an' the halt an' the blind.
An' the older folks chaffed, an' the younger folks laughed,
An' the children, the birds an' the bees
In a frolicsome way spent the sunshiny day
In the shade o' the shelterin' trees.

THEN THE SPEAKERS ALL SPOKE.

THERE was visions an' dreams; there was oceans an' streams
O' the best grub that ever was cooked;
There was ol' fashioned cakes like no bakery bakes;
There was melons as good as they looked.
An' the poor an' the proud an' the lowly an' loud
Eat o' chicken an' pickles an' pie,
An' the lout an' the lord sat at one common board,
Celebratin' the Fourth o' July.

THEN the speakers all spoke, crackin' many a joke,
An' the ol' Declaration was read,
An' the rigs rumbled home in the gatherin' gloom,
An' the people went happy to bed.
Up the east the moon crept to keep guard while they slept,
An' the streaks an' the stars in the sky
Spread a banner o' love 'cross the dark vault above,
Celebratin' the Fourth o' July.
—James Bell Naylor in Reader Magazine.

Chinese Originated Fireworks.

From an early period the Chinese were skillful in making and using fire works, and with that people the idea of amusing the public by pyrotechnic displays undoubtedly originated. Until the invention of gunpowder and before the properties of saltpeter were understood fireworks may be said to have been unknown in Europe. The first of the Europeans to cultivate the art were the Italians. In 1540 Biringucci Vanuccio described fireworks in a book entitled "De la Pyrotechnia." In France in 1508 there appeared a work called "Traites Militaires," by J. Hauzelet, which recommended the use of the rocket in war. But the Chinese had long before that employed the rocket as an offensive weapon, affixing to it a pointed barb like that of an arrow.

Not That George.

"Though more'n a hundred years have flown
(Time's flying like a bird),
King George is still on England's throne—
At least so I have heard."
'Tis true indeed—who runs may read—
But he isn't George the Third!"

Oh no, it's not that, but he finds that it is cheaper to let her have her own way than it would be to either defend the suit or pay alimony."—Chicago Post.

A Bad Start.

"A man always looks foolish when he proposes," said the frank young woman.

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton, "and I have evidently failed to overcome the absurd impression I made on Henriotta on that occasion."—Washington Star.

The Ham Fair at Paris.

A feature of Parisian life is the ham fair which is held on the Boulevard Richard-Le-Noir. The name of this fair is wholly misleading, for as far as I have ever seen hams are the very last thing any one ever buys there. Old brass and copper curios, quaint jewelry, rare china, lace, tapestries and books are what most people go out to seek, and a sight not to be easily forgotten is the long, wide boulevard lined with ramshackle stalls laden with every possible kind of lumber and presided over by the most rapacious of brocanteurs. Out of piles of valueless lumber Americans and English diligently seek for their pet kind of curios, and there is not an artist in Paris who cannot point to some bit of furniture in his or her studio and say with pride, "I got that for 5 francs at the ham fair." No one ever pays more than 5 francs, I notice, but, alas, every year these five franc bargains are becoming more rare, and even as housekeeping in Paris grows more and more costly so does the furnishing of one's house to keep.—London Queen.

Only a Question of Possibility.

Among the customers of a tea store opened in the northwest part of the city the other night was a man who, after buying a pound of coffee, handed a counterfeit half dollar to the shopkeeper.

"This money is counterfeit; I'm sorry, sir," said the shopkeeper.

"Yes; I know it," replied the customer, grinning. "Got it here one day last week, and I've been saving it for you." Then, noting the smile upon the shopkeeper's face, the customer said, evidently offended, "Perhaps you doubt my word?"

"Oh, not at all, sir; not at all. I couldn't doubt the word of so truthful a man. I was simply smiling because I wondered how it was possible for you to have got the money here. This place was opened only night before last."

Thereupon the customer departed hastily after producing a good coin and slipping the counterfeit into his own pocket.—Philadelphia Times.

Lancashire Humor.

There was a Lancashire collier who went out on Sunday with his wheelbarrow because, as he said, "I've lost mi dog, an' a folly looks sich a foo' goin' a-walkin' bi hisself."

Then there was the workingmen's club committee which wanted to indorse the accounts "audited and found correct and tuppence over" and the customer who, on being told that the price of candles had gone up owing to the war, asked whether they were "feightin' bi candle feet."

Also one recalls the laggard Lancashire lover who, when asked for a kiss, said he was "goin' to do it in a bit," and the old ladies who praised a certain Darwin clergyman as "a grand burier," and of the orator who translated "Then et mon droit" into "Evil be to him what evil thinks."—"Lancashire Life and Character," by Frank Grime, ed.

Japan's Giant Wrestlers.

Japanese wrestlers are not to be confused with Japanese exponents of jiu jitsu. The wrestlers belong to the older school, in which weight is a paramount quality. It is a remarkable thing that a race which is on the average four or five inches under the European standard in point of height should have produced a special cult of wrestlers who are giants in stature and strength. The leading wrestlers of Tokyo or Osaka or Hiogo are all men at least six feet in height and weighing perhaps 300 pounds. They are a race apart. Wrestling is an occupation which has been handed down from father to son for many generations. And the explanation of their prowess is that they always been meat eaters, while the rest of Japan, either from choice or necessity, have been in the main vegetarians.

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The best goods at reasonable prices.
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A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging.
Millinery and 5 and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.
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FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries
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Cures Headache In a Flash
quick and sure and absolutely safe
No matter what the cause—over work, worry, neuralgia
At all druggists, 10c & 25c
Warner Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

THE QUALITY OF THE FEED
has very much to do with the quality of the horse. Feed him properly and he will show it, as by purchasing your horse feed at F. A. GREEN'S you will get it absolutely fresh, and absolutely clean, as must and mildew, or seeds of injurious weed mixed with the feed will surely injure the horse.
F. A. GREEN,
Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's
Go to Brasted's For CUT
FLOWERS and POTTED PLANTS.

The Tenderfoot Farmer

It was one of these experimental farmers, who put green spectacles on his cow and fed her shavings. His theory was that it didn't matter what the cow ate so long as she was fed. The questions of digestion and nourishment had not entered into his calculations.

It's only a "tenderfoot" farmer that would try such an experiment with a cow. But many a farmer feeds *himself* regardless of digestion and nutrition. He might almost as well eat shavings for all the good he gets out of his food. The result is that the stomach grows "weak" the action of the organs of digestion and nutrition are impaired and the man suffers the miseries of dyspepsia and the agonies of nervousness.

To strengthen the stomach, restore the activity of the organs of digestion and nutrition and brace up the nerves, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is an unfailing remedy, and has the confidence of physicians as well as the praise of thousands healed by its use.

In the strictest sense "Golden Medical Discovery" is a temperance medicine. It contains neither intoxicants nor narcotics, and is as free from alcohol as from opium, cocaine and other dangerous drugs. All ingredients printed on its outside wrapper.

Don't let a dealer delude you for his own profit. There is no medicine for stomach, liver and blood "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery."

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

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C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER $1.00 per year in advance.

The Big Store.

HAYING TIME

is always an anxious one until the last load is safely in the barn or on the stack. Labor and annoyance is saved by using our up-to-date implements. We have all the newest patterns in scythes, rakes, forks, rope, twine, carriers and track, and everything needed for the harvesting season. Our prices are beyond competition.

W. B. MEANS.

What He Said.

"What do you think of this place?" asked the girl's brother.

"It's fine. Every prospect pleases," the young man replied.

"I heard mother telling father this morning that you had asked Dorothy to be your wife."

"Did you? What did he say?"

"What he said would make you go ahead and finish the quotation you began a moment ago about every prospect pleasing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Little Curl.

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
She wore it to a dance.
Where the blamed thing dropped by chance,
And the language that she thought was simply horrid.

—Punch.

Her Marksewomanship.

The militia boys were going away to camp on the morrow, and as Lieutenant Wellington Grant Smith parted with his sweetheart on the plazza she said, "I shall stand here tomorrow as you march past and throw a kiss at you."

But her soldier lover said, "No, don't do that."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because," laughed he, "ten to one you'd hit the captain."—Judge.

Tales of a Tail.

I've taken with a grain of salt
The wondrous things men do,
The speed they've made, the tales they've spun,
Have knocked me all askew,
But for the swiftest things afloat
That never seem to fail
Without exception are the yarns
About that comet's tail!

—Boston Herald.

Real Solicitude.

Husband—You are quite comfortable, dear?

Wife—Yes, love.

"The cushions are easy and soft?"

"Yes, darling."

"You don't feel any jolts?"

"No, sweetest."

"And there is no draft on my lamb; is there?"

"No, my dwnest own."

"Then change seats with me."—Ideas.

Too Late.

The novelist laid out his course, on atmosphere intent.
Sought for the places reeking sin, the horrid, low and vile.
They had to let him gently know each wicked place he went
That others, seeking atmosphere, had beat him by a mile.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

No Cause For Delay.

"I sent for you, doctor, because you are famous as a specialist in cases similar to mine," said the sick man.

"Ah, I see," rejoined the noted M. D. "But before we go any further," continued the patient, "I feel it my duty to inform you that $25 is all that I am able to pay you for your services."

"That being the case," said the great pill dispenser, "I'll have you on your feet by tomorrow."—Chicago News.

Not Reversible.

"A miss is as good as a mile,"
But I can assure you of this—
The rule worketh not t'other way,
So long as we've taste for a kiss
Nowhere lives a man who will say
A mile is as good as a miss.

—Woman's Home Companion.

What Traveler Saw Abroad.

"So you think the Bluffers are faking about their extended European tour?"

"I should say so. They said there were so many Americans in Venice that many had to walk in the middle of the street."

"Well?"

"Why, the streets of Venice are canals."—Springfield Union.

The Only Change.

My ladylove is perfect quite.
Her name is Brown, her hair the same.
Her disposition's sweet and bright.
There's naught I'd change—except her name.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Place of Danger.

Employer—You have an excellent chance to grow up with the business, young man, and make something of yourself. It's all up to you.

Boy—I'd like do job all right, mister, but if you don't mind I'd just as lief stay at de bottom. You see, sir, I'm just a little leery about bein' one o' dem fellers "higher up."—Boston Herald.

A Comet's Disrespect.

A route most extensive it travels with ease.
It pauses for no one's permission.
It never stops even to say "if you please"
To the interstate commerce commission.

—Washington Star.

A Brain Wave.

Mistress—A penny for your thoughts, Nora.

Cook—That's just what I was thinking of.

Mistress—Explain, Nora.

Cook—Why, ma'am, I was thinking of a copper.—New York Journal.

Want Up.

There was a young fellow named Tom,
Who dropped a big dynamite bomb,
And now in Mars
They are saying, "My stars!
Where on earth did he emigrate from?"

—Christian Register.

Association.

"I suppose poets naturally prefer cats to dogs for pets."

"Why cats?"

"Because they are more reminiscent of the muse."—Baltimore American.

Supply and Demand.

There'd be no peekaboo stockings
Or peekaboo waists, so to speak,
Nor yet any peekaboo garments
Were there no peekaboos to peek.

—New York Telegram.

Self Consciousness.

"Is this silk but the latest style?" asked the man who had been appointed on a reception committee.

"The very latest," replied the obliging salesman.

"Then I don't want it. What I'm after is something new enough not to be shabby and old enough to look as if I were used to wearing it."—Washington Star.

That Portentous Tail.

Professor Todd, of much renown,
Explains to calm the flurry
The comet's tail bends up, not down.
So now we needn't worry.
Of course we know that it is wrong
With science thus to haggle,
But just suppose that tail so long
Should be inclined to waggle!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Distressing.

Tess—You see, when the motorcar struck the curb she was thrown out into the road, and when she picked herself up she felt awful.

Jess—Gracious! I should think so!

Tess—Yes; she just knew her hat wasn't on straight, and there was no mirror at hand so she could fix it.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Beats Any Sunrise.

The rooster's crow does very well
As "music" now and then,
But the thing that stands for something
Is the cackle of the hen.
While the first may crow the sun up,
We aren't likely to forget
That a fresh egg served for breakfast
Beats the finest sunrise yet.

—Christian Science Monitor.

Forestalled.

Mrs. Tabbyshaw—Now, let me have Main 41144.

Central—You can't have the wire this afternoon. You know it is a two party line?

Mrs. Tabbyshaw—What if it is?

Central—Why, the other lady has spoken for it.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Next Morning.

My desk is dust,
My pen is rust,
My aching head is sure to bust,
But who wants trust
Or beggar's crust?
I hate to work, but fear I must!

—Buffalo Express.

Superior Wisdom.

"Why do you consider women superior to men in intelligence?"

"A bald-headed man buys hair restorer by the quart, doesn't he?"

"Er—yes."

"Well, a woman doesn't waste time on a hair restorer. She buys hats."—Houston Post.

Chemistry in Femme.

When you see a bashful lover
Blushing crimson in the face
Every time he takes his watch out
There's a woman in the case.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Cost of Living.

Customer—Why do you leave this long tail on the steak when I ordered a short cut porterhouse?

Butcher—We've got to make both ends meet these days.—Cleveland Leader.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

—also—

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We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

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everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

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retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

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Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

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We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

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Oranges, Lemons

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means orange perfection.

I have a superb assortment of the choicest fruit this week.

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Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS

The famous little pills.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 30, 1910.

Local and General.

—Celebrate in Smethport.

—The harvest of hay has been started in this section.

—A new cement horse block has been constructed in front of the residence of J. C. Backus.

—Miss Lena Goshorn gave a musical recital for her pupils at the Parish house Saturday afternoon.

—Mrs. W. L. Hammar entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street yesterday afternoon.

—The buildings of the Holmes & Gilfillan plant on Mechanic street are being painted. The job is an extensive one.

—The Rev. W. A. Harris is expected home on Saturday and all the usual services will be held in the Methodist church on Sunday.

—The P. H. C. gave a card party at the I. O. O. F. hall Tuesday evening. A large number of members and guests were present. Fine refreshments were served and a most pleasant evening was spent.

—Pipe has arrived and is being distributed along the line for the new extension of the Smethport Water Company to King's corners, East Smethport. It is understood that the work of laying this line will be started next week.

—C. A. Burdick had the misfortune Monday to stumble over the thill of a wagon at his barn, and fell, with the result that a blood vessel in his right arm was broken. Dr. Chadwick is attending Mr. Burdick who has been laid up as a result of the accident.

—Dr. W. A. Ostrander was summoned to the new Goodyear lumber town at Norwich last Saturday night. Ed Towner, a woodsman, employed at the camp of John Carlson, had the misfortune to bury an axe in his left foot. The physician dressed the injury, which, while it is a painful one, is not of a serious character.

—The new automobile for the McKean County Fair & Races is now on the road and is expected to be here in a few days. It is an Empire, 20-horse power, four-cylinder roadster and is one of the best cars of this class on the market. The car will be used for advertising purposes and will be given away on the same plan as last year.

—Every member of the Smethport Fire Department is urged to attend the regular meeeting to be held in its parlors Friday evening. Besides the regular business, committees will be assigned and special police appointed for the Fourth of July celebration.

—Dr. F. C. Pierce was called to Warren Tuesday on account of the serious illness of his mother. Yesterday Mrs. Pierce received the sad intelligence that the doctor's mother had passed away, and Mrs. Pierce left in the afternoon to be present at the funeral.

—The Glass Bottle Blowers' Association annual clam bake which will be held in the grove at Bubank's crossing, Friday next, July 1, promises to be one of their greatest successes. There will be an unlimited amount of good things for the hungry and the sports furnished at these bakes are well worth while.

—Several coach loads of people took in the Shawmut excursion to Olean last Thursday on the occasion of the appearance of Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Far East in that city. When the train reached Smethport it was crowded and the crowd at the station was such that it was necessary to hold the train 45 minutes until more coaches were sent here by means of a freight from Olean.

—All the children of all the Sunday schools in the borough are requested to assemble on the Court House lawn under the leadership of their Sunday school teachers at 2 p. m. for the Patriotic exercises. The children will sing the refrain of the Star Spangled Banner, Miss Flossie Freeman to give the solo. The children will also sing Onward Christian Soldiers and My Country 'Tis of Thee. They will be led by the Odd Fellows Band, under the direction of Dr. H. L. McCoy.

—Three young men of this place held a party last Thursday evening at which favors of a unique character were handed out. At a certain stage of the evening's revelry, after the liquid refreshments had all been served, one of the young men delivered another of the participants a telling blow in the eye, damaging the symmetry of his victim's features to a marked degree. The third member of the party seized a lantern, the only available weapon at hand, and brought it down over the head of the one who started the trouble with much force, breaking up the lantern and also the party. The young man has been sporting a badly cut up head and face, caused by the glass from the lantern.

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Director of Athletics at Yale University, is a feature. Every boy should read Mr. Camp's ideas of true, manly sportsmanship.
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McKean County Miner

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 30, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor.
JOHN K. TENER,
of Washington County.
For Lieutenant Governor.
JOHN REYNOLDS,
of Bedford County.
For State Treasurer.
CHARLES FRED WRIGHT,
of Susquehanna County.
For Secy. of Internal Affairs.
HENRY HOUCH,
of Lebanon County.
For Congress.
CHARLES E. PATTON,
of Curwensville.
For Members of Assembly.
SAMUEL E. BELL,
of Smethport.
HORACE H. REDFIELD,
of Smethport.

The parents of children cannot be too careful about allowing their offsprings to handle fireworks. At this time nearly every child wants to celebrate the Ever Glorious and some of those who touch off these dangerous missels will be injured and others killed. Be careful that your child is not one of thees unfortunates.

The unfortunate automobile accident which occurred on Main street early last Sunday morning should serve as a terrible warning to those who are in the habit of driving fast on the pavement. These young men were probably not driving faster than many others have driven these streets before and were just as capable of handling the car, but something happened and a most distressing accident was the result.

USED A SHARP AXE.

He Attacked the Husband of an Alleged Affinity in Bradford.

This morning's Era says: John Ranzana, who lives at No. 18 Roberts street, was murderously assaulted by Kalterto Bave, an Italian laborer, at the home of the former, at 11 o'clock last night. Ranzana was taken to the Bradford hospital at 1:30 o'clock this morning.

According to the story told to the police, Bave is accused of being too friendly with Mrs. Ranzana and was insanely jealous of the woman's husband.

Last night Bave entered Ranzana's house and with a double bitted axe broke down the door leading to the bedroom occupied by Ranzana and his wife. Greatly excited, Bave made threats and at once attacked Ranzana with an axe, cutting him on the left cheek alongside the nose and barely missing the eye.

The flesh was cut through to the bone and the teeth, making it necessary for Dr. Page, who was summoned to the house, to take a dozen stitches to close up the wound. Also, the infuriated foreigner struck his victim on top of the head laying open the scalp four or five inches, making additional stitches necessary.

Thinking that Bave had killed her husband, the woman, it is said, by the victim, handed the would-be murderer some money and told him to escape. Bave did so and the police were unable to get any trace of him last night. It is intimated that he went over the hill from High street.

It is expected that Ranzana will recover, although his condition was serious early this morning from loss of blood and shock.

Poisoning of Cattle and Sheep.

"Are cattle and sheep likely to be poisoned, or otherwise injured, if allowed to graze in an orchard sprayed with the Arsenate of Lead solution recommended by you?"

Thus wrote the Superintendent of one of the reformatory institutions of the state, to Prof. H. A. Surface, Harrisburg. As others have asked the same question, the following answer will be interesting to them and to many others in Pennsylvania who are spraying with arsenate of lead:

"Replying to your letter asking if cattle and sheep will be killed if allowed to graze in an orchard sprayed with arsenate of lead, I must say that I do not think any harm will come from this course. I have never known of any trouble arising in this way, and I have pastured my own livestock in an orchard that has been sprayed, and found it perfectly safe. However, if much material is lost or drops to the grass at the time of spraying, it might be better to keep the livestock off the grass at the time of spraying, it might fail.

"I also doubt if I would care to have them present and feeding in that part of the orchard that has been very recently and abundantly sprayed. I am sure that if there was any decided danger from this source, my attention would have been called to it before this time, or some of our Experiment Stations, or the U. S. Department of Agriculture would have issued special warning concerning it. Such warning has not been issued, and I know of no occasions of poisoning of livestock, after having watched the subject carefully for some years, and must say that I do not think there is much danger, if any, unless in cases of very gross carelessness, such as very heavy spraying of grass with immediate pasturing of stock.

Application for Bids for Painting and Repairing Schools in Sergeant Township.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids for the Painting inside and out, of the Hutchins school, outside of the Burnips Well School, Varnishing inside of Halsey School, Repair of stone foundation of Amend School, and other minor repairs needed for the Schools of Seageant Twp. will be received by the School Board, until July 25th, 1910, at which time the same will be opened, and contracts awarded. The School Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

For details of the work to be done, and specifications, apply to the undersigned.

A. R. ANDERSON,
By order of the Board. Secretary.
June 25th, 1910. Clermont, P.
June 30—3t

Was Married at Buffalo.

Attorney Percy L. Tyler of Port Allegany, went to Silver Creek last week and on Monday took Mae Gerwick to Buffalo and they were married there on Monday. Both are well known here. Mr. Tyler is a fine young man, and a young attorney who is constantly forging ahead. His wife is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gerwick, and some fifteen years of her life were passed in Port Allegany. They have the Reporter's best wishes. They are expected in Port Allegany in a few days, where they will make their home.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending June 25, 1910.

Albright, Miss Anna.
Litchfield, Mrs.
Natello, P.

Persons calling for these Letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from the date of advertising. J. C. GALLUP, P.

ATTENTION, NEWSPAPERMEN.

Having installed a Linotype in this office we have a lot of type for sale at reasonable prices.

Here is a good chance to get an almost new dress for your paper at half the regular price.

We have about 300 pounds of 8 point (brevier) which we will sell at 20 cents per pound. About 200 pounds of 11-point (small pica) which we will sell for 20 cents per pound, and about 100 pounds of 6 point (nonpareil) which we will sell for 25 cents per pound.

Anyone in need of any or all of the above faces can get proofs and full particulars by calling on or addressing

New Spring Millinery.

Never was my line of new spring trimmed and pattern hats more complete nor the styles more beautiful. A visit to my store will put you in touch with the latest styles for spring and summer.

CARRIE CLARK.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Automobile.

In first class condition for sale cheap.
BACKUS NOVELTY CO.

For Sale.

Just received a carload of Fertilizer. Enquire of

O. D. NOURSE,
East Smethport.

Tomato plants for sale. J. L. OVIATT, Farmers Valley.

$500 Reward.

A reward of $500 is offered by the county commissioners of McKean county for the detection or apprehension and conviction of any person guilty of a felony in connection with the disappearance of Michael Steffan, a boy seven years of age, of Ludlow, McKean County, Pa., who was last seen in the woods near his home on Saturday, the 16th day of April, 1910.

JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHR M. MARSH,
JOHN B. DEVLIN,
County Commissioners of McKean County.

Smethport, Pa., June 15 1910.
June16—4t.

THE CAMPHOR LANGUAGE.

Used in Johore Because of a Malay Superstition.

In Johore, on the Malay peninsula, there is employed one of the strangest languages in the world, used for a most curious purpose. This tongue is called Pantang-Kapor or "camphor language," and is a medium employed by natives and others engaged in gathering the product of the Malayan camphor tree, but only when they are at work.

It is a superstition of these natives that should they use the language of the district, the Malay or the aboriginal Jakun, they would be unable to obtain their camphor.

The Malay natives firmly believe that each species of tree has a spirit or guardian angel that presides over its affairs, this spirit being known by the name of Biaan. This divinity's resting place is near the trees. Then, too, the spirit of the camphor tree is held to be extremely jealous of the precious gum, so that it becomes necessary to propitiate her, inasmuch as she would, should she learn that hunters were in quest of it, endeavor to interpose obstacles to their mission. Accordingly the natives speak in a tongue that the tree spirit may not understand. It was for this purpose that the mysterious "camphor language" was invented, and it consists of an odd mixture of Jakun and Malay words that have been curiously altered and reversed.—Harper's Weekly.

CRATER LAKES.

Mexico Has Some of the Most Perfect of These Peaceful Pools.

The mere words "crater lake" carry with them a charm and mystery that are akin to romance. But Mexico, with all her romance, has never given abroad any description of some of the most beautiful crater lakes in the world. Valle de Santiago, a little town of the state of Guanajuato, boasts four of the most perfect and beautiful of such lakes.

The village nestles among eleven craters, all formed in some past age by sudden explosions from the interior of the earth, explosions that blew out a great amount of earth, formed low cones and subsided without flow of lava or other demonstration than the single explosion. They are what are known to science as "explosion craters."

The calm restfulness of the crater lake is unlike anything in the world. One finds lakes and solitary pools in forests or mountain fastnesses, and the calm there is akin to witchery, but they are stirred sometimes by passing breezes, and the trees will wave above in the wind. But in a crater lake there is not a breath that will stir it, and even a stone cast into its bosom creates ripples that seem as though they would be swallowed ere they are born. Peace is a word without a meaning until one lies silent on the slope of such a crater, with such a lake at his feet.—Mexican Herald.

Bedouins and Water.

It is not unusual to hear a Bedouin upon reaching a camp where water is offered him refuse it with the remark, "I drank only yesterday." On the Bedouins' long marches across dry countries the size of the water skins is nicely calculated to just outlast the journey, and they rarely allow themselves to break the habit of abstemiousness, as this would be sure to ruin their next water fast all the harder. They are accustomed from infancy to regard water as a most precious commodity and use it with reference to economy. They know every hollow and nook in the mountains where water may be found. Their camels and asses which they take with them on their marches to supply them with milk and meat, live principally on the scanty herbage and foliage of the thorny mimosa. Neither men nor animals drink more than once in forty-eight hours. No wonder they can subsist where invaders quickly perish.

Mice That Subsist on Scorpions.

Among the queer forms of animal life that inhabit Death valley is a mouse that has acquired such a taste for scorpions that they form its entire bill of fare. The scorpion carries its formidable armament in the end of its slender, elongated abdomen in the shape of an exceedingly venomous hooked sting. When disturbed it elevates this in the air and goes in search of its disturber. But it is comparatively slow in its motions, while mice are proverbial for their quickness the world over. The mouse learned many generations ago where the scorpion carries its weapon, and when he meets it he leaps at the uplifted abdomen, takes off the sting at a single bite and proceeds to make a meal of his helpless prey. It is supposed to be the only animal that relishes scorpions.

In Search of a Soon.

"I have been trying for twenty years," said the poverty stricken scientist, "to find some use for thistles."

"Why do you waste your time in such a foolish way?"

"Foolish? Don't say that. Think of the boon it will be to mankind if I succeed! As soon as any kind of use can be found for them they will quit growing without being tenderly cared for."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Fraternal Feeling.

There was a young fellow named Winter,
Who was seen with a girl when he kissed her,
And belief people feigned
When it was explained
'Twas his sister. That's why Winter kissed her.

—Baltimore American.

Real Modern.

Foreman (of the Webfoot Weekly Chronicle)—Well, we're all ready to go to press, Si.

The Editor (looking out of window)—Just hold yer hosses for a few minutes longer, Ezry. I see Dr. Crosby comin' down the road from the direction uv Hiram Badgley's, and I want to publish in this here edition whether it's a boy or a girl or more.—Sunday Illustrated Magazine.

"Bohemian Girl."

I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls
With furniture mounted in gold.
I walked on those marble floors with the kid.
And my bare feet got mighty cold!

—Cleveland Leader.

Natural Enough.

"Mrs. Nervey wasn't invited to Mrs. Swellman's tea at all," Miss Gaddie was saying, "but she came, and when she entered the room the silence was positively painful."

"Naturally," remarked the hateful Mr. Knox. "Silence is always painful among women."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Explained.

I was shaving myself
When my wife butted in,
Which clearly accounts
For the gash in my chin.

—Detroit Free Press.

Striking Proof.

"That storm scene in the second act was the acme of realism."

"So it was."

"Why, a dozen women in the house jumped up and started to rush home to see if all the windows were down."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Fixed Habit.

He always makes a hit
With all the lovely misses.
The reason? This is it:
He stutters when he kisses.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

In New York.

Up to Date Gladys—Is it really such an improper play?

Up to Date Doris—Oh, it isn't just the play I'd want my father or brother to see, but it's all right for us girls.—Puck.

Invisible.

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?"
"I can't tell, because—oh, well,
A chicken swallowed it, you know."

—Chicago News.

3 Fine Farms at Right Prices.

120 acres 2 miles from Linden, N. Y. 110 acres cultivated, balance pasture and timber; fine sugar bush of three acres. Three acres black muck soil suitable for growing celery; apple orchard of six acres. Plenty of water; good house of twelve rooms, two fine barns, fine granary, wagon house and brick smoke house. Two miles from cheese factory and railroad station. Price $6,000. $2,500 cash. Easy payments on balance.

78 acres 2 1-2 miles from Richburg, N. Y. All under cultivation, well watered; good house, two good barns and granary. Free gas included at the price of only $3,000. $1,000 cash, balance easy.

135 acres one mile from Freedom, N. Y. 70 acres cultivated, 10 in timber, fine sugar bush of 300 trees. Plenty of water, good fences; orchard Eight room house and two good barns. One mile from cheese factory and railroad. Price $2,500. $1,200 cash, balance on easy payments. Write to-day for full particulars.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINK.

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. **F. H. Hungiville,** SMETHPORT

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

JULY SALE ON ALL Mens Shoes and OXFORDS

Buy your celebrating footwear how and save money.

Sale starts June 25th, 1910.

$5.00 and $6.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.95
$4.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.15
$3.50 Shoes and Oxfords.....$2.95

Everything in our Shoe Department is reduced in price. Drop in and see for yourself before buying elsewhere.

H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

THE CHARM OF ATTRACTIVENESS

is a marked characteristic of our cakes and pastry. That is, they look good, but even pretty and attractive as they are, their real quality is their hidden goodness, their delightful flavor, which must be tasted to be fully appreciated. Your 4th of July orders should now be received to insure proper attention. Don't fail to order a full supply of our delicious bread.

PICKERSGILL'S BAKERY
Main Street.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

AEROPLANE RACES
AVIATION WEEK AT ATLANTIC CITY

It is not a far cry back to "Darius Green and his flyin' machine" when aerial navigation was considered impossible.

To-day Atlantic City is preparing for a great Aviation Meet from July 2 to 11, when three of the greatest flyers of the modern world will demonstrate their mastery of the air.

Glenn H. Curtis, the holder of the world's record for speed, will fly daily July 4 to 11.

Walter E. Brookius, who holds the record for high flying, will give exhibitions July 7 to 11 in a Wright aeroplane.

This is the first contest between the Wright and Curtiss machines.

It is also expected that Charles K. Hamilton, the great long distance aviator, will be present and race from July 7 to 11.

There will be prize events each day, including a fifty-mile flight over a five mile circular course, and prize high flying, July 7 to 11, directly over the beach front and ocean.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is the direct route to Atlantic City, and excursion tickets are on sale from all points. Connections are made in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, with trains over the Delaware River Bridge, all-rail route.

Read the "MINER"

THE DUNBAR AGENCY

VOLNEY F. DUNBAR

You can get all kinds of up-to-date Magazines, Ladies' Style Books, Writings of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon, Frank Merriwill's Medal Library, Nick Carter's Magnet Library, and many others too numerous to mention.

Stationery, Garden Seeds, Cigars and nutions.

—AT—

DUNBAR'S AGENCY,
Crosby, McKean Co. Pa.

SPRING IS THE TIME

to put in that bath room. I have in stock a fine line of fixtures for bath rooms.

Call and look them over. Low in price but high in quality.

Estimates cheerfully given free of charge

E. W. STRONG

The Lindholm Company,

Mc Call's Patterns

Beautiful Flouncings.

We're offering some of the most beautiful flouncing at special prices. You ought to see them.

27 inch Noinsook Flouncing, in eyelet, floral and Neat designs. Special price at..... 45c and 85c

18 inch Nainsook flouncing in eyelet and floral patterns. Very fine qualities, per yard.....50c

Flags and Bunting

of every description, can be found here. Don't forget to decorate for the FOURTH.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Asbestos Way.

Asbestos Sad Irons

An Iron For Every Purpose

THE kind that are hot where you want them hot and cold where you want them cool.

When you iron with Asbestos Sad Irons, you feel like smiling, because there is no heat on your hands, no pulling of the goods, no breaking of locks, no trouble of any kind —but satisfaction.

FOR SALE BY

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 30, 1910.

Local and General.

—Read the advertisement of Fry & Comes in this issue.

—Sad Irons are advertised by Daly & Garlick this week.

—Mrs. E. L. Keenan entertained a number of ladies Tuesday afternoon.

—The residence of H. M. Choate on East King street is being re-painted.

—J. W. Pickersgill has a new bakery advertisement which you should read.

—A new cement crosswalk has been laid on Nelson street at the intersection of Main.

—Flags and bunting and white goods are advertised by The Lindholm Company this week.

—There is some talk of a cheese factory being started in Farmers Valley in the near future.

—A new cement walk is being laid on the east side of Nelson street, between Main and Water streets.

—The condition of Harold McCarthy this morning is much better and the chances of his recovery are brighter.

—The residence of S. J. McKendrick at the corner of Bank and Nelson streets, is being brightened by a coat of paint.

—Several houses in this borough should be connected up with the main sewer. This is a matter for our city dads to look up.

—The small bills advertising Smethport's observance of July 4th were circulated throughout this section of the county yesterday.

—"Meet me in Smethport July 4."

—The McKean County Fair Association has opened headquarters in the Raymer building one door east of the Hotel Imperial.

—It is rumored that a newspaper will soon be started in Crosby to be known as The Potato Creek News. This will be a nice thing for the people of that vicinity but we are afraid its editor and owner will have a hard time getting the necessary coin of the realm to make it a big and lasting success.

—During a conversation with "Buffalo Bill" in Bradford last Friday, Samuel E. Bell was informed by that well-known scout and showman that "Nebraska Bill's" Wild West, which will be one of the attractions at the McKean County Fair & Races, was one of the best attractions of its kind on the road and that the fair management was very lucky in securing this excellent attraction.

—Errie Potter Hafner, who has been enjoying the zephyrs from Lake Erie during the past week at North Girard, Pa., returned home last evening and may once more be found on the job at The Miner office. This popular gentleman, who is sometimes known as Chiney by his many friends, has many new additions to his large fund of anecdotes. He said that Lake Erie, while at times rough and stormy, is as a whole a beautiful sheet of water.

—Chief of Police McCarthy is on the job every minute in trying to supress the exploding of fire crackers before the Fourth of July. Some persons appear to have lost sight of the fact that the law will not permit them to indulge in this noisy pastime before or after the Ever Glorious. One young man fell into the clutches of the law Saturday night, but was released after being admonished to desist from the practice.

—The contract for building the juvenile department to the county jail was awarded by the county commissioners to John Carlson, whose bid was $2,550. Work is to be commenced on the new building very soon and it is to be ready for occupancy by October 1, next. It is to be a one story building of stone and brick and will contain four rooms. It will be located in front of the woman's department and will only be connected with the other structure by a passageway.

—Owing to a great number of requests to have a "Safe and Sane" Fourth, the committee having the celebration in charge have decided to dispense with the "Sunrise Salute" and also remove the display of fireworks from Main street to some position on the hill side where as much of the danger will be eliminated as possible. All persons except those in charge will be kept away from the place when the fireworks are displayed.

—Mrs. Alphonse Dapolito of Lewis Run was in town Monday. The lady was armed with a warrant for the arrest of her husband, charging him with ill treatment. Dapolito, who is said to bear an ill reputation succeded in eluding Bradford officers who were put upon his trail. Mrs. Dapolito turned the warrant over to Officer Foote, who left the same evening for Lewis Run. The officer got near enough to the man to see him fly to the tall timber. Mr. Foote came home empty handed.

—Quite a number from this borough took in Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Far East at Bradford Friday. The performances of the huge amusement enterprise were of a high quality of excellence. S. E. Bell of this place took in the performance and, with his family enjoyed dinner with Col. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," and his wife. Mr. Bell has a large acreage of oil territory leased in the vicinity of Cody, Wyo., the home of "Buffalo Bill." For over a year past Mr. Bell has spent the greater part of the time in Cody and became intimately acquainted with the noted scout and showman, who owns the most of the land in that section of Wyoming. In fact the Colonel tendered the local man a horse from his private stables during the latter's sojourn in the "Big Horn" basin.

—Ed Gardner, a woodsman employed on the Goodyear lumber job at Norwich, while at his work Tuesday, buried the blade of an axe in his right knee. The man came to Smethport in the evening and stopped at the Cottage House, where Dr. Ostrander attended his injury. The wound was a bad one and required five stitches to close it up. Gardner left yesterday morning for his home in Lewis Run.

—John McCarthy of this borough is putting in a hundred-ton car weighing scale for the Kushequa railroad at Newton.

—The carpenters and painters have finished the repairs on the farm recently purchased by R. W. Hilton near Farmers Valley and it is understood that Mr. Hilton's mother and sisters of Bradford will move into his country home at once. This is now one of the finest homes in this section, being surrounded by wide, cool verandas of handsome design, and the grounds about the house will be very pretty. It is Mr. Hilton's intention to raise blooded horses on the farm and he has already secured some fine stock. The farm will provide accomodation for about 50 head of stock.

—The I. O. O. F. band and a number of Smethport residents went to Norwich, the new Goodyear lumber town, Sunday morning in automobiles and spent the day. The Smethport people were much surprised to find everything at the new town wide open. The pool room, barber shop and store were wide open, Sunday being the busiest day. The band rendered a concert and were treated to a fine dinner at the boarding house. After spending a most enjoyable day the band and pleasure seekers returned home in the evening more than pleased with their reception at the new lumber town.

—Mr. Cheetel of St. Marys, Deputy District Organizer for the Eagles, was in town Tuesday. In the evening a meeting was held at the fire department hemiquarters at which preliminary steps towards organizing a lodge of Eagles, in Smethport was taken. The proposition of perfecting an organization in this place has been agitated for some time past and a large number of names of prospective members have been secured. At the meeting Tuesday night quite a number were examined and plans for perfecting an organization were discussed. The Smethport lodge of Eagles will, in the near future, be a reality.

—John Carus, deputy fire warden of Clearfield county, was on the mountains Saturday near the headwaters of Lick Run, and witnessed a fierce fight between two large buck deer. The two monarchs of the forest, one of which Mr. Carus said was by far the largest deer he had ever set eyes on during his fifty years of traveling over the Alleghanies were so intent on the other's destruction that they never let up until the warden was within twenty yards of them, and from the way in which the earth was turned up and trampled they had been in battle for some time. The warden's coming, however, put an end to the hostilities for the time being. The deer loped off in parallel lines in the direction of the Kennedy Park game preserve.—Ridgway Democrat.

PERSONAL MENTION.

H. M. Choate was a Bradford visitor Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Choate were Bradford visitors Friday.

Roy Stark was a Bradford visitor from Saturday until Monday.

Miss Margaret Sloane of Bradford is the guest of Miss Lillian Booth.

Miss Mable Foote is the guest of relatives and friends in town.

Miss Mary Dibble of Passiac, N. J., is the guest of Mrs. R. E. Burdick.

Mrs. J. V. McAlpin and son, Jack, returned home Saturday from Bradford.

W. J. Milliken of Bradford attended the funeral of Harold Backus yesterday.

William Colegrove was calling on friends in Bradford the last of the week.

Mrs. Elida Treetge of Perry, N. Y., is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Miss Mabel Shattuck of Linesville, Pa., is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. L. Backus.

Miss Norine Dailey of Titusville was visiting Miss Adella Hellmann the past week.

Mrs. F. Chadwick who has been visiting friends in Bradford has returned home.

Miss Anna Berge of Mt. Jewett was in town a few days the first of the week.

Mrs. A. R. Bradon of Clarendon is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. C. Cunningham.

Mrs. J. T. Harrigan of Marshfield, Ore., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. L. Eagan.

John and Harry Haley of Bradford were Smethport visitors Tuesday and Wednesday.

Starr Sheldon left Monday for a visit with relatives and friends in York state.

Mrs. Harry Zaner and infant of St. Marys are guests of relatives and friends in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Keonig and son of Eldred passed Sunday with relatives in this place.

Miss Rachel Mayo returned home Saturday from a visit with Miss Margaret Judd of Bradford.

Joe Brown and Lynn Aikens of Jamestown, N. Y., were guests of friends in town this week.

Mrs. Michael Carmody of Toronto, Canada, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Provin of East Smethport.

S. W. Hubbard returned home Thursday evening from a two weeks' visit with friends in Cortland, N. Y.

Dr. and Mrs. Card Young and daughters of Geneva, N. Y., are the guests of the former's brother, D. C. Young.

Jack Powell who has been visiting his grandmother, Mrs. B. F. Wright, returned to his home in Ridgway Monday.

Mrs. L. Aldrich and daughter, Della, of Holley Beach, N. J., arrived this morning for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Morey.

Edna Comes, who has been attending the Westbrook Commercial Academy at Olean, returned home Monday for the summer.

Miss Bessie Engstrom returned home from Jamestown yesterday, where she had been visiting for the past two weeks.

Mrs. Louise Piszner and Mrs. Mary Thompson of Rasselas were visiting friends and relatives in this place the first of the week.

Elmer Roeder of Austin, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roeder of Farmers Valley, returned home Sunday.

Mrs. M. W. Heinlein and sons, Claude and Fredrick, left Saturday for a visit with the former's sister, Mrs. M. L. Hulin of Nunda, N. Y.

Mrs. W. T. Seger and son, Arthur, of New York City, and Mrs. Arthur Cutler of Oneonta, N. Y., arrived in town yesterday to be present at the funeral of their brother, Harold Backus.

Mrs. R. A. Stewart of Seattle, Wash., who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. L. K. Hogarth, for the past few weeks left for a short visit in Bradford yesterday, accompanied by Mrs. Hogarth.

Mrs. James A. McKean and grandchildren, Margaret and James Hubbard, returned to-day from Cortland, N. Y., where they have been the guests of relatives and friends for the past few weeks.

Glass Cutters Wanted.

15 experienced men, 10 smoothers, 5 roughers. Also experienced Acid Polisher.

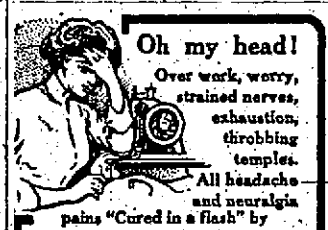
WAYNE CUT GLASS CO.,
Towanda, Pa.

Westbrook Commercial Academy, Olean, N. Y.

29th Year

Will open Sept. 6

NEW CATALOGUE AND PARTICULARS ON REQUEST



Oh my head!

Over work, worry, strained nerves, exhaustion, throbbing temples. All headache and neuralgia pains "Cured in a flash" by

ANTI-ACHE

Does not affect the heart. 10c and 25c at all druggists. Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Come on in

and try on a pair of our WALK OVER Oxfords. You'll find them easy as an old slipper, while the style and elegant finish are just what they should be. $3.50 is too little for these, but we're satisfied to give YOU the biggest end of the bargain

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns

Holeproof Hose

FRY & COMES.

Come to Smethport

JULY FOURTH

The committee in charge has prepared a treat for those who celebrate the ever glorious Fourth with us. Most all the neighbors will be here and all the world is welcome.

An entertaining and progrsmme is ready and we believe you will go away well satisfied with the day.

Combining business with pleasure, this store has prepared a lot of special bargains in summer goods which will make the day profitable from a money saving point of view. The latch-string hangs open-Come.

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT — PENN'A.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

EDISON Phonograph as HOME ENTERTAINER.

It affords pleasure at all times to both young and old, and no home is complete without one. Our stock of records is the largest in the city and is of endless variety, of over Five Thousand selections.

Our "Easy payment Plan" makes it possible for any family to own one of these wonderful entertainers.

It brightens the home and brings happiness to both young and old.

Edison Phonographs $15.00 and up.
" Amberole records 50c each,
" Standard " 35c "
Catalogue free upon request.

Come in and let us explain our "Easy payment Plan."

Palace Pharmacy,

Headquarters for Talking Machines, records and supplies.

EVERYTHING THE MARKET AFFORDS

In Fruits Vegetables and Fancy Groceries. Special attention give orders fo Dinner Parties, etc.

F. W. BROWNELL,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

BUILDING A NEST

A Story of a Love Developed From Childhood.

By CHAUNCEY WARDWELL.

(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

It began by our capturing the sugar bowl. She was a black eyed girl of five, I a towheaded boy of six. I was playing with her brother, who was flying a kite. The kite broke away, and he ran after it. Nellie took me to the sideboard and showed me the bowl full of big white lumps. The back door was standing open, and I could see the sun shining on the trees. There is a natural connection in a boy's mind between the greenwood and robbery. That's what makes the story of Robin Hood so fascinating to him. I couldn't help taking up the sugar bowl and running like a deer to the wood, Nellie following. She wore a sunbonnet, which as she ran fell on to her back and was held there by the strings tied around her neck, her hair flying in the wind.

We were chased and captured, having perpetrated the crime without reaping its fruits. The bowl was taken from us before we had had a chance to eat a single lump. I was sent home and received a whipping. Nellie was let off with a scolding. I, being older than she, was held accountable for the whole affair.

"Shame on you," cried my mother, "to lead away a little girl only five years old!" And she administered another dose of her slipper.

The next time it was I who led. I was eight; Nellie was seven.

"Let's go to the woods and climb trees," I said to her.

"Mother has forbidden me to go there," she replied.

"I'm going," I said.

I started, but presently looked back. She was following me. I waited, and she caught up with me. The wood was quite dense, large trees interspersed with saplings and little shoots. I sat down on the root of a tree, she on a log opposite me. It was very

"SO JACK ASHURST CUT THOSE LETTERS!"

still in there, the only sound being so light that it might be imaginary, something like the rustle one hears by putting a seashell to the ear.

"Do you hear the leaves grow?" I said.

"I don't hear anything," she replied.

"Yes, you do. Listen!"

She listened and heard what I did, a faint confusion of whispers. "Is that the leaves growing?" she asked.

"Of course it is."

If a modern scientist should hear the leaves grow he would consider that an important discovery had been made. To the child it was simply one of those incidents common in fairy tales.

There was a large beech tree near, and, taking out my knife, I cut a big "N" on the bark, the initial for Nellie. She watched me, much pleased with the crooked letter. Then I said:

"Let's play we are birds and build a nest up in a tree."

"Let's," she said.

A fallen tree leaned against the beech on which I had cut the letter "N." I scrambled up the fallen one, Nellie following. She stopped at the lower branches, while I climbed higher, looking for a convenient spot for the nest. At last I found one.

"Here it is," I cried—"three shoots from one stem. It will rock the little birds when the wind blows. Come up and see it."

"I'm afraid."

"What are you afraid of, you little goose? Come on!"

She did come on, but slipped, and I heard a thud on the ground. I looked below and saw her lying in a heap. Her face was toward me and white as marble. I scrambled down and shook her, thinking to bring her to herself, but she did not respond. Then I called to her. Still there was no awakening. I began to be frightened. I was a strong boy. I took her up and carried her to her home.

It was a long while before she recovered from that fall. I received another whipping on her account. I was rather pleased at this, for I considered it in the nature of penance for persuading her to climb the tree. Neither of the whippings I received impressed me as a consequence to the offense. Children don't bother themselves as to the cause of their punishments. They simply consider them something to be endured like other disagreeable events. Nevertheless I was very ill at ease till I heard that my little chum was out of danger and that she would suffer no lasting ill effects from her fall, for at first it was feared she had been killed and later that she would be a cripple. I occupied my mind by going out to the wood and cutting the other letters to the name I had begun on the beech from which she had fallen.

I was not allowed to see my little girl friend again. Her parents considered me a very bad boy indeed, and I was forbidden to come to their house. My own parents probably agreed with them, for they sent me to a boarding school for little boys. Before I went home for my first vacation our family had changed our residence, so that the childish association between Nellie and myself was ended.

I forgot all the children with whom I had played at that early age except Nellie. It is a mistake to suppose that children have no love affairs. I did not know when I suggested to Nellie that we go up in a tree and build a nest like the birds that I was obeying a law of nature. That something which draws the birds to mate and provide for their young was in me. At any rate, I considered Nellie my sweetheart, and my sweetheart she remained.

I will admit that fifteen years later whatever remained of this childish affection lay dormant. Nevertheless it was in me and, like a spark, needed to be fanned into a flame. I had prospered for a youngster of twenty-four and, though I was far from Nellie, I longed to see her. At last business called me to a city near which she had lived, and I determined to go and discover if she was still there.

Upon inquiry on my arrival I learned that she had not yet left the parental home—the home she had occupied when I had seen her last. It was a bright summer morning, and I strolled up a familiar street and stood before the house I sought. I did not wish to make a formal call, so I loitered in the neighborhood till a young lady came out into the front yard to water some plants. Approaching her, I asked:

"I believe a family of Ashursts once lived opposite you in that house over there. Do you remember them?"

"Indistinctly. I was very young when they lived here."

"I think there was a boy—an incorrigible young rascal. I suppose you were too young to remember him?"

"I remember him. There was a circumstance that fixed him in my child's brain. I was with him one day in that wood back yonder, or in what is now left of it, and we climbed a tree together. I fell and was severely hurt."

"That must have been Jack Ashurst. He was always trying to break his neck or inducing his playmates to break theirs. What became of him?"

"I don't know. I never saw him after my fall. May I ask if you are a connection of the Ashursts?"

"A very near connection. Jack told me about this escapade you mention. He said he cut your name on a beech tree out in the wood. Is that tree still standing?"

"It is. The letters are barely distinguishable."

"I'm going out to see it."

"I'll show you where it is," she replied, and, opening the gate for me, we passed through the yard and over open ground to the wood. She led me to a tree and showed me the name "Nellie" on its trunk. The N and the two l's were the only letters distinguishable.

"So Jack Ashurst cut those letters! Well, well, well! He must have been between eight and nine years old, and you, I suppose, were"—

"About seven, I believe."

"I understood Jack to say that he had cut only the letter N on the day you fell."

"When I was recovering he came out here and cut the others. They told me he was broken hearted at having suggested my climbing the tree."

"Why did he wish you to climb it?"

"He suggested that we play we were birds and build a nest. He found a place for one and called me to go up where he was and see it. In doing so I fell."

"I think Jack never recovered from the shock of that fall. As he grew older he realized his responsibility in the case. He should not even have permitted you to do that climbing, much less to persuade you."

"Nonsense! I did it of my own accord."

There was silence between us for awhile, at the end of which I said:

"You have not built a nest yet?"

She looked at me with a puzzled expression. I repeated the remark in another form. "I mean you have not married and made a home of your own."

She still kept her eyes fixed on me, a bit of surprise following her want of comprehension. "Why did you express it the other way?" she asked.

"It has seemed to me that a boy and a girl playing they are birds and building a nest rather prettily typifies their marrying and making a home. Did it never occur to you in that light?"

She was silent. I took her silence for admission.

"Nellie," I said, permitting the feeling I had been keeping back to influence the tone in which I spoke, "you don't know me."

"You are Jack Ashurst?"

"I am."

"I half suspected as much."

"I have come back and brought you out here to ask you if we may not build that nest."

And we did.

SIRES AND SONS.

Carnegie says he has made forty-two men millionaires.

The Right Rev. William Lawrence, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts, has been elected president of the National Education association.

Claude Grahame-White, the greatest of English aviators, is thirty years old. For many years he has been an enthusiastic motorist and drifted naturally into the field of aviation.

Sir William Wilcox, the engineer who built Egypt's irrigation works, has been engaged by the Turks to reclaim the vast area of arid land in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers.

Fernand Forest, seventy years old, who lives at Suresnes, has just been recognized by France as the real inventor of the explosive motor and has had the cross of the Legion of Honor conferred upon him.

Andrew D. White, former ambassador to Germany, cannot stand the odor of tobacco. He has been known to leave the Cosmopolitan club at Cornell university because he detected evidences of recent use of the weed.

George Murray Levick of the British navy, medical officer for the Scott antarctic expedition, served as surgeon aboard the British ship Essex and is widely known in the Rugby football world as secretary of the Royal Navy Rugby association, a position he has held since the formation of the union.

The Royal Box.

Her majesty Queen Elizabeth of Roumania expects to visit Washington in August to attend the international congress of the Esperantists.

The Grand Duchess Elizabeth, sister of the empress of Russia, recently took the veil of a nun and will devote herself to the hospital of the woman's refuge.

At eighty years of age Francis Joseph, the Austrian monarch, is by far the oldest of all of Europe's crown wearers, and in years of reign he holds the precedence. Nearly sixty-two years ago he went on the throne.

The full title of King George is "his most excellent majesty George V., by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British dominions beyond the seas, king, defender of the faith, emperor of India."

The Dollar Mark.

The news writers have not yet learned that the expression "a rich farmer" has become just as redundant as "an old veteran."—St. Louis Times.

Some one has made the claim that a dollar will go as far today as it did ten years ago. But it is just as hard to make those who have the dollar let it go as it was then.—Macon Telegraph.

Bankers are protesting against the change in the size of paper money because it will be harder to count. It may be replied that counting money should be not a burden, but a joy.—Kansas City Star.

Aviation.

Thanks to the intrepid aviator, the expression "with the speed of the wind" is no longer a mere figure of speech.—Washington Star.

New York must discard her hatpin skyscrapers and masts before she can hope to be more than a way station in the aerial traffic system of the near future.—Washington Post.

The scout who can leave the camp of his army, fly 100 miles over the camp of the enemy and be back with a map of what he has seen in his mind, all within an hour, will certainly be of value in war.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Electric Sparks.

An electric machine has been made to wash and purify the air in any room.

A new English electric heater consists of quartz tubes containing spirals of wire, the tubes becoming incandescent within a few seconds after the current is turned on.

A German investigation has shown that the efficiency of some electrical insulators, especially rubber, is greatly lessened by light. Wood and others are much influenced by moisture. All insulation decreases with rising temperature.

Facts From France.

Puy de Dome, an extinct volcano in France, yields large quantities of carbolic acid.

In a disastrous flood in France in 1840 60,000 acres were inundated and over 600 houses were swept away.

If a workingman while intoxicated suffers injury in a workshop in France he may not recover damages from his employer. The French courts hold that drunkenness is inexcusable and constitutes contributory negligence.

British Briefs.

About 12,160,000 net tons of shipping sail under the British flag.

The two most populous cities in the British empire are London and Calcutta.

In the English "black country" there are 30,000 waste acres, of which 14,000 might be profitably afforested.

Over one-fifth of the world's inhabitants belong to the British empire, and the British empire occupies approximately one-fifth of the earth's surface.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Countess Fitzwilliam, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Zetland, has become an enthusiastic aeronaut.

Mrs. Taft has become a member of the Washington Humane society. Mrs. Taft has always taken a great interest in the work done by the Humane society in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Frederick Schopf, president of the National Congress of Mothers, has been appointed a member of the American committee to attend the home educational convention at Brussels, Belgium, in August.

Miss Jennie Williams, a schoolteacher of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada, camped on the cold doorstep of a public building in that town in order to be the first to file claims for a free section of land and as a reward of her grit won a section valued at $10,000.

Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin was elected at the Cincinnati convention as representative of the general federation at the national convention this year of the American Peace society. The society asked the federation to send a delegate, and Mrs. Henrotin was chosen because she has been so active in the work of establishing peace throughout the world.

Fly Catches.

No catcher in the business has it on Bill Carrigan of the Boston Red Sox in stick work.

Block, the Chicago White Sox catcher, is sure death to base stealing. He has a splendid whip and adds a deal of strength to the backstopping.

Terry Turner's arm is not as strong as it was, but he is covering so much ground and getting around so fast that he looks as good right now as he ever did.

The Boston National league team is wearing this year the same kind of uniforms as those worn by the Boston team when the National league pennants of 1891-3 and 1897-8 were captured.

The New York Americans' veteran catcher, Lou Criger, has taught Young Sweeney the snap throw. Last season he threw standing flatfooted, but this year he's up on his toes and hurls with deadly aim.

Current Comment.

The back to the farm movement is very popular among those who don't intend to go.—Washington Post.

Now that we have concrete barges the cement makers will doubtless soon be building airships and artificial flowers out of concrete.—Philadelphia Press.

During the past century there were 14,000,000 men killed in war. Consider this awful fact and then join your nearest peace society.—Los Angeles Times.

Eating crow has always been regarded as a tough job. Now comes word from Paris that epicures who have feasted on crow in that city have pronounced it delicious. There is no accounting for tastes.—Scranton (Pa.) Truth.

Town Topics.

It is estimated that the census will show a population of 100,000,000 in the country, but even this is not enough to allow Chicago and New York to be as big as they think they are.—Washington Post.

Even New York sometimes sleeps. The Night and Day bank, which has been open during the twenty-four hours, will hereafter begin business at 8 o'clock and close at midnight.—Boston Transcript.

A detective says that New Orleans is the wickedest city in the land. This ought to cheer New York, Pittsburg, Chicago and a few other cities that have been scored by the prophets in recent years.—Boston Journal.

Recent Inventions.

A patent has been granted for an attachment to rocking chairs to operate a fan to cool the occupants while swaying to and fro.

For thawing dynamite a metal kettle has been invented in which the explosive is placed in an inner compartment, which is surrounded by hot water.

About the size of a lawn mower is a new machine designed to sow lawn grass seed, disks cutting into the earth to receive the seed, which is covered by a following roller.

Proverbs.

Sloth is the key to poverty.—Dutch Proverb.

Mildness governs better than anger.—German Proverb.

Much water runs by the mills while the miller sleeps.—Danish Proverb.

The moon is none the worse for the dog's barking at her.—Irish Proverb.

He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with thoughts and deeds of love.—Persian Proverb.

Household Hints.

Silver should be boiled occasionally in water in which a small lump of washing soda has been dissolved.

If an ironing board be notched to fit the back posts of two chairs of equal size it will be held as firmly as a table.

A simple and very efficient disinfectant to pour down a sink is a small quantity of charcoal mixed with water.

If bread is wrapped in paraffin paper as soon as it is taken from the oven it will keep fresh and moist much longer.

A Trying Climate.

Water freezes every night of the year at Alto Crucero, in Bolivia, while at noonday the sun is hot enough to blister the flesh.

Comets.

Peoples in all times have been afraid of comets, and the dread of their approach has driven strong men to death. Hannibal and Mithridates committed suicide, and King Louis, the debonair, of France and Louise, mother of Francis I., died in sheer terror of the flaming portent. The great Charles V. became a monk because of one.

Chinese Drinks.

The national drinks of China are samshu, a kind of arrack, and hoesiih, which looks and tastes much like rum, a peculiar kind of beer made from wheat malt.

The Dictionary.

"Neither is a dictionary a bad book to read," says Emerson in his essay on books. "There is no cant in it, no excess of explanation, and it is full of suggestion, the raw material of possible poems and histories. Nothing is wanting but a little shuffling, sorting, ligature and carriage."

Gutta Percha.

Gutta percha is a poor conductor of electricity, for which reason it is most successfully used for insulation of electric cables and other electric conducts. Friction causes negative electrification.

Birds of Paradise.

Probably no famous bird has a smaller habitat than the bird of paradise. No one knows why the varieties of this beautiful bird are confined to the island of New Guinea and the neighboring coasts of Australia. There are many other islands not far away where the conditions would seem to be equally favorable to their existence, but they are not found among them.

Sundials in China.

The Chinese have carried the art of sundials to perfection. One Chinese watchmaker has arranged his front porch in such a way the shadow of the posts tells the time by which to regulate the watches.

Sense of Smell.

There is no end to the curiosities of smell. It is, for instance, the vapor of a liquid that smells and not the liquid in the mass itself. If eau de cologne be poured into the nostril the nose refuses to recognize any odor there at all.

Convicts in Norway.

The convicts of Norway are made to till the soil.

An Ancient Clock.

There is at Castletown, in the Isle of Man, a clock that was telling Manxmen the time of day before Oliver Cromwell was born, and there is a clock, it is said, still marking time at Castle Rushen which Queen Elizabeth herself presented to the owner of that castle.

High Winds in Scotland.

It is a common occurrence for a train to be brought to a standstill on the Scotch highlands by the force of the wind.

Pickled Statues.

The marbles in Westminster palace are treated to a bath once a year. They are first sponged off with water and then "pickled." This pickle consists of a solution of soft soap and sulphur, which removes the incrustations due to the smoke laden atmosphere and is said to do the marble no harm.

Chinese Newspapers.

The Chinese newspaper is generally printed on a roll, so that the purchaser may tear off and throw away that part which he has perused.

An English Borough.

In the days of "rotten boroughs" in England that of Gatton Park is said to have been the worst. It had only one qualified voter, and yet it returned two members of parliament. Of course with this right the property was very valuable, and in 1830 it was purchased by Lord Monson for $500,000. Two years later it was disfranchised.

The Tail of a Wolf.

The wolf carries its tail hanging down because in that position it is less conspicuous and better eludes detection. A family of wolves playing together undisturbed occasionally carry their tails curled upward.

Analysis of a Tear.

The chief element in the composition of a tear is water, but with water are associated minute proportions of salt, soda, phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda and mucus, and when seen under the microscope a tear after evaporation looks like a very small fish bone, owing to the salines forming themselves into lengthened cross lines.

Elephants in Liberia.

The virgin forests of Liberia contain thousands of elephants.

To Get Rid of Rats.

After all other remedies fail there still remains a way of getting rid of rats, and that is by depriving them of water. They can live for a very long time without food, and when hard pressed will not hesitate to eat each other, but no rat can go twenty-four hours without drink. Therefore if every possible means of obtaining water is taken from the rats they will desert the vicinity.

State.

Governor—Edwin S. Sturat.
State Treasurer—John G. Rhoda.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Hooton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Bloomsburg.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; H. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Sackett, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank H. Fuller, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Mead, Bradford; Wm. I. A. Peterson, Bradford; John M. Berlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—M. H. Agan, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anderson, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. M. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette M. Bayle.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—H. M. Heath, President; F. H. Hover, Secretary; J. W. Wales, H. H. Workley, G. H. Deming, F. L. Shamburg, J. C. Backus, M. H. Sease.
Justices—M. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Poole.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; A. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; Jesse B. Eastman, H. H. Bradford, John Clark.
Collector—M. C. Gleason.
Assessor—U. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. M. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. B. Bubis.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, H. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 338, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH E. BURDICK, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 289, meets Friday evening at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 43, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 36, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. RAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
EARL HAFNER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 6 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

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The Rope and the Ring

How an Escaped Convict Accomplished a Heroic Deed.

By F. A. MITCHEL

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The steamer Tecumseh was moving along at a ten knot gait off Norfolk, Va., when the lookout called:

"Boat ahead on the port bow."

With his glass the captain swept the quarter of the ocean indicated and saw a cockleshell skiff pulled by a single man. He was alone in the boat and beyond sight of land.

"Put her off three points to westward," said the captain to the helmsman.

The ship was steered in the direction of the man in the boat, and as it drew near him broad stripes revealed themselves on the garments he wore.

"Escaped jailbird!" exclaimed the captain in disgust at having to rescue such a man.

A rope was lowered, and the convict was pulled aboard. He walked aft to where the captain stood waiting for him and said:

"You see by my garb, captain, that I am an escaped prisoner. I broke away last night, made my way to the coast before morning, seized a boat and pulled out, where I hoped to be picked up by a passing ship. I must throw myself on your mercy not to put me back where I came from. If you intend doing so I beg you rather to toss me overboard, for I prefer to die rather than return to that horrible life."

"It wouldn't do for me," replied the captain, "to assist a prisoner regularly convicted under the law to obtain his freedom. You may work with the crew while you are on board my ship, but when we reach port I'll have to turn you over to the authorities."

There was a look of agony in the man's eyes as he turned away in company with the mate to take his place among the crew. He was young—not more than twenty-seven—vigorous and refined looking. He had eaten nothing since the day before. Food was given him; but, though he needed it, he had not the heart to eat more than he absolutely required.

Bad weather set in that night from the northeast, blowing a cold blast. The ship was riding obliquely across the waves which dashed up against her bows, now raising skyward and now pointing toward the bottom.

It was about midnight that, while the stern was raised high in the air, an enormous wave struck it with terrific force. There was a sharp report, and the helmsman found that the wheel turned without assistance. Something had happened to free the rudder and render it useless. The ship was at the mercy of the waves.

When the captain, who was on deck, learned of the trouble he blanched. He was not more than thirty miles from the Virginia coast, and with a northeast wind blowing his ship southwestward it would go ashore by daylight.

While this flashed into his mind the vessel was turning and in a few moments was rolling in the trough of the sea. Orders were issued to get up such sails as would be of service in steering. With the help of these, though the ship steadily lost ground, those aboard of her gained time. Morning came, and there was the shore like a faint cloud resting on the horizon, and with a powerful glass a white line could be seen breaking against it. Some steering gear must be rigged or within a few hours the ship would be breaking up under the waves rolling on that coast.

An investigation was made, and the rudder itself was found to be sound, though the stock was shattered, leaving the huge steel mass, weighing three tons, swinging from side to side with every wave and threatening to stave a hole in the vessel's stern. To save the ship and the lives of those aboard of her it was necessary that the rudder should not only be secured, but that it be again converted into a means of steering the ship. In other words, there were two dangers of equal importance—the breaking of the ship's plates and being driven ashore.

The captain conceived a plan, but owing to the rolling of the ship did not consider its execution feasible. It was to make fast two chains, one on each side of the stern, to a ring on the outer edge of the rudder. Had the vessel remained on an even keel this ring would have been about four feet under water. As she pitched sometimes it was high in the air, sometimes far down below the surface. At the rudder's rise a man could be lowered on to it in the hope that he might put the chains through the ring, but before he could do so he would be buried many feet in the brine.

The captain lined the crew up on deck, told them of his plan, admitting that several men might be lost in the attempt, and called for volunteers. Half a minute passed before a man moved; then the convict stepped forward and said:

"I'd rather be drowned down there than go back to prison. I'll make an attempt."

"If you succeed," said the captain, "you'll never return to your stripes if I can help you."

One end of a rope was attached to the end of the mizzen boom, the other end being looped under the convict's shoulders. Just before he was lowered he said:

"Tell the world that I, Arnold Turner, convicted of a bank defalcation, about to die, declare my innocence. I know the guilty person, but decline, as I have always declined, to tell."

Turner stood on the gunwale and as the stern rose was quickly lowered with a wire rope and, perching himself on the rudder, endeavored to pass it through the ring. Before he could do so the stern descended, bearing him with it. Necks were craned over the rail to see, when the rudder rose again, if he would still be there. Few believed that he would. But as the stern came up there he was, his knees pressing the vessel's sides, his hands clutching the ring.

A wave swung the rudder to starboard, and the man on it would have been dashed against the side of the ship had he not saved himself by throwing himself on the other side. Before it was swung in the reverse direction down he went again toward the bottom of the ocean. When he came up, holding the ring by one hand, he tried to pass the rope through it, but the rudder was not still long enough for him to do so. He was not only becoming benumbed with the cold bath, but must be ever watchful to avoid being banged against the side of the vessel, which would, to say the least, have dislodged him.

And so he continued to fight for the lives of the fifty or more people slowly drifting toward the breakers, whose distant roar could now be faintly heard above that of the wind. Every time he was carried down he came up with shorter breath and more exhausted. But every time he renewed his attempt to put the rope through the ring of the swaying rudder. Then, when he had failed and gone down again, on rising he let go the ring to rest, swinging, soaked with ice water and pierced by the cold wind.

At last, watching his opportunity when the ship plunged and the stern rose, swinging with the ring, he grasped at it, caught it and this time passed the rope through it.

Half his work had been done.

Another wire rope was given him, but how could he hope, having lost so much of his strength and benumbed by the cold, to succeed when it had taken so long to attach the first rope? It was a period of terrible suspense for those drawing near those dreadful breakers, whose roar was now every moment growing louder. Again he made his dives; again he clung to the rudder, watching to avoid being dashed against the ship, trying to put the second rope in place.

And so, sometimes swinging at the end of his rope and sometimes taking his cold baths, he kept on trying. The knowledge that lives depended upon his success gave him strength, but whenever he felt that he could not endure another swing in the blast or another dive in the ocean he would think of that life behind bars which was dethroning his reason and he would persevere.

At last a feeble call from below announced to those above that the second wire rope had been passed through the ring. To the ends of these ropes those on deck passed heavy chains, which the convict shackled in place, and when this was done he was drawn up.

As he appeared above the taffrail a shout was raised. But he did not hear it. The moment his work was done he fainted. Liquor was poured down his throat, and he was hurried below. There he was stripped of his soaked clothing and put into hot blankets.

While he had been at his work men on deck had lashed a boom across the poop, projecting on each side. The rudder chains were passed through pulley blocks at each end of the beam and around a drum made by boarding over the steering gear. The moment the ends of the chains were attached to the ring the rudder was made serviceable, and the ship was turned from the white line where now, but a mile away, the mad waves were tossing their heads as if disappointed at losing their prey.

When Turner came on deck again he was dressed in a suit of the first mate's clothes, and every one pushed forward to grasp his hand and shower blessings upon him. Each and every person vowed not to betray him, and some suggested means of obtaining a pardon. But Turner told them that he preferred to remain aboard the ship, which, after touching at New York, was to sail for a foreign land. So great was his dread of a return to prison that he determined to lose himself in a country where he would not be known.

Under the improvised steering gear the ship weathered the gale and made her way to Philadelphia, where she put in for repairs, and her passengers, going ashore, took a land route to their different destinations. Before leaving the ship they held a meeting and collected a considerable sum to be paid the man who had saved their lives. But when they came to turn the gift over to him he declined it, saying that he did not need money beyond what he might be supplied with from friends who knew him to be innocent of any crime and who would gladly furnish him with all his necessities.

Turner remained aboard the vessel during her stay at Philadelphia and while she touched at New York. He occupied a cabin of one of the mates, where he kept himself hidden while the ship was in port. Then when her prow was turned eastward he came out and rejoiced in being once more a free man.

Years after the convict's escape the person who had perpetrated the crime for which Turner had been imprisoned, on promise of indemnity, owned himself to be the guilty party. Then Turner accepted a pardon.

How I Won

Capturing a Girl by Means of a Common Interest.

By LAWRENCE FOSTER.

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One winter when congress was in session I was invited to the national capital to spend a week with my friend Jim Treusdall in company with others, forming a very pleasant house party. Jim had not been long married, and I was a bachelor. I have always thought that his wife got up the affair especially for my benefit and that of Miss Mildred Sweet, Mrs. Jim desiring to make a match between us. If she did she had no trouble, so far as I was concerned, for I had not been acquainted with Miss Sweet ten minutes before I remarked to myself, "That's the girl I am looking for."

I have a theory that a good way to win a girl is to conjure up something in which you and she may have a mutual interest. Fortune favored me in this wise:

One evening at dinner Mrs. Jim showed plainly that something had happened. She said nothing to any of the guests and when they spoke to her replied in monosyllables. Treusdall labored hard to keep a certain amount of life in the party, but was not successful.

After dinner Jim took me up to a little den he used to hide away in and told me what was the matter. His wife had lost a diamond as big as a hickory nut. It had been handed down to her for five generations and been turned over to her on her wedding day. She had taken it out of its receptacle to wear it that evening at a reception that was to occur at the White House and had left it on her bureau while giving some directions about the dinner.

He had no sooner told me this than it occurred to me to make a detective of myself for the purpose of discovering the thief and to take Miss Sweet into the business with me. By interesting her in the case I hoped eventually to turn that interest from the gem to myself.

I asked Jim a good many questions, but only elicited the information that every servant in the house during his wife's absence from her room was downstairs and quite busy, most of them with the preparations for the dinner. The men guests were all in the billiard room. Two of the women guests were dressing in their rooms for dinner and after that the function at the White House. A third, a widow, Mrs. Jernegan, with a little daughter, five years old, had finished her toilet and was assisting her nurse to put the child to bed.

Mrs. Jernegan was my first choice for the thief. Women who are not dressed don't run about in another person's house, and Mrs. Jernegan was the only person on the floor at the time the stone was lost. I went to the White House reception with Miss Sweet and during the evening told her about the loss and began to excite her curiosity as to who could have been the thief.

"It would be a nice thing," I said, "if you and I, working together, could recover the stone and turn it back to the rightful owner."

"Indeed it would," she said, "but how can we do that?"

"I don't know that we can, but we can try."

I confided to her that I suspected Mrs. Jernegan. She did not especially fancy the widow, but could hardly bring herself to feel that she had stolen the diamond. I told Miss Sweet that she, being a woman, could keep an eye on the suspect better than I, and she agreed to do so.

I had a little scheme up my sleeve to compel Mrs. Jernegan to show her colors if she were guilty. Of course that was not proving her guilty or getting back the stone, but it would serve for a clew. I invited a party, including Mrs. Jernegan, to visit the capitol. Miss Sweet was, of course, with us. After showing the party through the building I took them up into the dome. There is a whispering gallery in this dome in which a voice speaking on one side can be heard at the other. Leaving the widow on one side of the dome, I took Miss Sweet halfway around the semicircle, and, watching till Mrs. Jernegan was separated from the others, I suggested to Miss Sweet to put her mouth near the wall and whisper the words, "What did you do with it?"

She did so, and the effect was instantaneous and unmistakable. The widow staggered, turned pale and looked hurriedly about her. When she turned her eyes upon us we were looking down on to the marble floor far below.

My companion was delighted with the success of my device. She seemed to be struck with surprise and admiration at what she was pleased to call my ingenuity. I was more interested in Miss Sweet than in the thief. I disclaimed any great shrewdness—indeed, thus far I was simply lucky. But I must keep up the illusion. I must find some method of learning from the widow what she had done with the diamond.

And here I showed that instead of being an experienced detective I was a mere bungler. I permitted the widow to discover by keeping a watch over her that I suspected her. I knew that she was aware that I did suspect her, for she showed me plainly that she feared me. Doubtless she would have taken or sent away the diamond if she had it, but Treusdall, at my suggestion, would not permit any one to leave the place without being searched, the guests volunteering to submit to the ordeal if they were obliged to leave before the gem was found.

I held long deliberations with Miss Sweet, who was now profoundly interested in the case. These deliberations, besides giving us something in common, enabled me to be a good deal with her. I hoped, if I made any further progress, to have my assistant to think that it was her ingenuity or perceptive faculty that was doing the work and not mine. I wished for this on the basis that if you make a person think he is talented it counts for more than if you show your own ability.

"I have made a discovery," said Miss Sweet to me one day, with great glee.

"You don't mean it!" I replied. "Have you found where the gem is concealed?"

"No. I have discovered that Mrs. Jernegan's nursemaid shares her secret with her."

"How so?"

"They know that we are watching them. Whenever the nurse sees me looking at her she quails."

"It's two against two, isn't it?"

"Yes, and we'll beat them yet."

"No doubt of it."

"Have you anything to suggest?"

"Well, no; not just now."

We saw the nurse go out with her charge and knew that every afternoon she took the child to a little park in the neighborhood. Treusdall should not have permitted this, but he said that it wouldn't do to keep the little girl in the house. I proposed to Miss Sweet that we walk out, follow the nurse to the park and see if we could learn anything. She consented, and, getting her hat and wraps, we sallied forth.

We soon saw the nurse walking slowly, the child trotting alone, either beside or behind her, carrying a toy balloon. We measured our pace to suit theirs, and they entered the park without knowing that we were near them. A moment later the nurse turned and, suddenly seeing us, gave an involuntary start.

"The plot thickens," I remarked to my companion. "I'll bet that this nurse, being permitted to leave the house, will get rid of the diamond."

"Suppose she has it with her now?" said Miss Sweet.

"It's possible."

"I have never seen her so agitated as when she turned and saw us behind her."

"You are on the track. You made the discovery that she was in league with her mistress. Suppose we let her see by our acts and the expressions of our faces that we are watching her. It may drive her into doing something that will expose her."

By this time the nurse had taken a seat on a bench, while the child played about with her balloon. On several occasions she let go the string, the balloon rose, and the nurse caught it only in time to save it. We walked by the woman and as we did so stared at her ominously. She trembled like a leaf. We walked on a short distance and turned. The child's balloon had escaped and was caught in the branches of a tree overhanging the seat where the nurse sat. The child was crying for her toy, and the nurse was trying to quiet her.

"I'll buy you another, dearie," she said. "That one has gone where one can't get it."

The nurse spoke the truth. Only a long ladder would enable any one to reach the toy. It had lodged some thirty feet from the ground. As I walked past the tree I looked up at it. I noticed that the string attached to it hung straight. It suggested nothing at first, but presently I asked my companion:

"Do you notice how straight that string hangs? Is it caught on a branch, and does the balloon keep it taut?"

"No; the balloon is against a bough. But there is something—very small—tied to the end of the string."

"So there is."

I glanced at the nurse, who knew we were talking about the balloon, and saw she was holding her breath from suspense. I called some boys who were playing near and offered any of them a quarter who would climb the tree and bring down the balloon. One of the boys took my offer, and in a few minutes I was in possession of the toy. At the end of the string was a bit of tissue paper. In the paper was the diamond.

I looked around for the nurse. She had vanished.

The delight both of myself and Miss Sweet may be imagined. We started to the house with the little girl. Far down the street we saw the nurse running ahead of us. It did not occur to us what she was going to the house for till we got there, when we discovered that she had warned her mistress and gone on. Before saying a word to any one I took the stone to Treusdall, and we had a long consultation. We had no proof against the widow, and since she was a connection of Jim's he decided to tell her that her maid had stolen the diamond and not intimate to her that she herself was supposed to have been an accomplice. This would avoid any unpleasantness.

When the matter was given out to the guests I told them all that the find was entirely due to Miss Sweet's ingenuity and foresight. She was the lioness of the party from that moment till we broke up and generally became convinced that she had done it all herself.

That gave me a good start, and in time I won—not a stone, but a woman.

In the West Gallery

A Vision and the Story of the Ghost Girl.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"I do not believe in ghosts," said John Slade emphatically.

Daniel Gilbert drew his chair nearer to the crackling blaze.

"I never believed in ghosts—until last year," he said quietly.

"What happened last year?" Slade's tone was skeptical.

"I saw a ghost."

"Where had you been dining?" laughed Slade.

"I hadn't dined at all. I came down to the Elms quite unexpectedly. I wanted to look up some papers that I knew to be in the library. The house had been closed all summer, and at this time even the caretaker was away for a few days.

"My plan was to dine at the village inn, go up to the Elms, spend the evening searching for the papers, sleep in my old room and take the first train to town after breakfast. My train was several hours late, and when we arrived in Elmville the inn was shut up for the night. If you are acquainted with our village boniface you will understand that for neither love nor money or 'auld lang syne' would he open his doors to a guest after midnight. So it meant a dinnerless tramp up to the house.

"It was nearly 1 o'clock when I entered the avenue, and I was surprised to find the iron gates of the drive wide open. That was against my orders.

"It was a dark night. The stars shone brightly, and a young moon threw a thin silver veil of light in the open spaces. As I came in sight of the house I stopped still in my tracks.

"You may not believe me, John, but my house was a blaze of light from basement to cupola, and from behind the lighted windows came the strains of an orchestra, while forms floated to and fro in swaying rhythm to the waltz melody.

"As I stood rooted to the spot the church clock in the village struck once, and as if by magic the music ceased and all motion stopped behind the thin curtains. An instant later every light in the house died out as if extinguished by some mighty breath. I ran up the steps and fitted my key in the great lock. It yielded, and the heavy door swung outward to my touch.

"I threw a ray of light about the great entrance hall and reached for the button to switch on the electric lights. The button clicked without response. Again and again I tried, but in vain.

"A search of the drawing room and library revealed the same condition. The current was shut off and probably had been since the departure of the caretaker.

"I lighted the large oil lamp on the library table. It was an easy matter to dig out the documents I wanted and store them into my leather bag. As I set the bag on the floor I saw lying on the Turkish rug a white rose, fresh and fragrant as if just plucked.

"This was no earthly blossom I decided as I laid it before me on the table. And then I had another shock, for almost under my hand and in the very spot on which I had placed my bag when entering the room was a small lace handkerchief. Across one corner was embroidered in tiny letters a girl's name."

Gilbert blew a cloud of smoke that obscured his face. John Slade leaned forward in his chair.

"And the name—the girl's name?" he asked quickly.

"Viola—just Viola," said Gilbert dreamily.

"That is not all of the story," said Slade impatiently. "Go on, old man."

"No; that is not all. I turned to the mantelpiece and leaned my head against the high shelf, trying to solve the mystery of my house, for to my knowledge no woman save the caretaker, an old black mammy, had darkened—or shall I say brightened?—my doors for several years.

"When I turned back to the table the handkerchief was gone!

"With hardly a thought as to whether I was seeking shadow or substance I thrust the rose in my pocket, and, snapping on my pocket flashlight, I hastened into the hall. There was a gleam of white in the distance, and I pursued it. It flicked around a corner and disappeared up a small spiral staircase that led to the second floor.

"When I reached the top of the stairs the bit of white became a woman's graceful form, with some ethereal garment of filmy stuff floating behind her. And as I followed I seemed to be walking among violets.

"Down the grand staircase she vanished, this time with little clicking heels on the polished floor. I held her steadily in my ray of light and was after her like a flash. We crossed the drawing room, and then she disappeared through the paneled door that leads into the west gallery—you know that long, glass inclosed gallery that my father used as a winter parlor? She flew down the length, and I hoped to catch her at the end, but at the door leading into the garden she turned her face toward me for one instant, and, by Jove, John, she was the loveliest girl I ever laid eyes upon—and you know I don't care for women!

"Just a glimpse of her beauty, and the door opened and closed sharply, leaving me alone in the west gallery. I was tired out by the exciting adventure of the night and too wide awake to sleep, so I went back to the library, got my bag, put out the light and left the house. I spent the night sitting on a bench in the railroad station, and it is needless to say that I took the first train to town."

"And that is all?" asked Slade after a little silence.

"Isn't it enough?"

"You didn't search the house, make any effort to discover whether the intruder was spook or human—didn't you do anything?"

"Nary thing. I went abroad the following week and at times forgot the incident. A few days ago it came back to me, and so I invited you down to spend this night with me at the Elms."

"Why this particular night?" demanded Slade suspiciously.

"Because it's the anniversary of my adventure with Viola," replied Gilbert coolly. "I want a witness to further demonstrations, you know."

John Slade sank back into the shadows of his chair and smoked thoughtfully. Once he burst into a reminiscent chuckle.

"I suspect you have lost your heart to this Viola, as you call her. Was she so lovely?"

"She was perfect," said Gilbert sincerely. "Her hair was that dusky black that frames the face mistily, you know; her eyes were almost golden and her brows fine and black like her hair; but her coloring, her features, her form—oh, I say, Slade, I can't get her face out of my mind!"

Slade lighted a fresh cigar. "I must tell you an incident of the same sort that happened to a friend of mine," he said solemnly, "and it may serve to throw light on your own affair."

"Out with it," said Gilbert briefly. "It's only 10 o'clock now. You have till midnight, John."

"This man owned a grand old place in the country, but he was a bachelor and never looked at it.

"There was a young cousin of the man's, a girl who was a beauty and a toast. Never mind her name. She has married and changed it for another. This girl was up to all sorts of mischief and pranks and carried a lot of scatterbrained young folk with her in many a harmless escapade.

"She conceived the idea of giving a ball in the old mansion of her cousin. Now, I have not the slightest doubt that the man would have gladly consented to turn the house over for such a merrymaking had they asked him. But, no; of course half the fun lay in the clandestine proceedings!

"And so one night when the moon was young and the aged caretaker off on leave several great automobiles rolled quietly up the long avenue, and the mischievous girl and her friends and their reluctant chaperons trooped through a side entrance and made their way to the great ballroom on the second floor.

"The room had been cleaned in some mysterious manner, and when the electric chandeliers were ablaze and the polished floor stretched forth an inviting surface the small orchestra they had brought tuned up, and the fun began. Several servants unpacked refreshments in an anteroom while the young people danced and between dances wandered over the grand old house lighted from top to bottom by Laura's"—

"Laura!" shouted Gilbert, but Slade interrupted:

"Hold on, there, Danny. I didn't mean to make a slip! The house was lighted up and the dancing was going on and everything was going along finely when suddenly a messenger appeared among them. The station agent from the depot, who had known of the merrymaking, came to say that the owner had arrived at the station and was on his way to the house. He had jumped on his wheel and sped with the message.

"They worked fast and without judgment. One bright soul cut the electric light wires and plunged the house in total darkness. Before a search could be made for candles and escape made the front door was opened and the intruders heard footsteps below stairs. After awhile the library door opened, and all was silent.

"By aid of matches and the station master's bicycle lantern the party reached the ground floor and by stealth left the house. That was all part of the fun, don't you know. And then just as they were going to leave one of the girls discovered she had lost her pet handkerchief and was sure she had left it in the library. She recovered it, although she would not say how, and she was quite breathless when she climbed into the motor. And that is all!"

Daniel Gilbert arose to his full height and laid his pipe on the mantel. "And that was Laura, who got up the party, and everything. I shall bless your wife all her days, John, if she will introduce me to my ghost girl—Viola—Viola who?"

"Viola Blair. She happens to be visiting Laura now. I hardly think you'll find her in the west gallery tonight, Dan."

Gilbert pulled a time table from his pocket and looked at his watch. "She is quite free?" he asked abruptly.

Slade yawned and stretched his long arms luxuriously. "She was—er—until—we always thought she had met her fate just a year ago tonight. She has never been quite the same since. I can't say any more"—

"There's a train to town at 11:05. We'll take it. You and Laura owe me something, John!"

"We'll pay it with compound interest. That will be Viola!" said Slade, grasping his friend's outstretched hand.

FRECKLES.

The Events That Started a Poor Boy on His Career.

By IRA TEN BROECK.

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A zephyr of wind caught up a sheet of paper from the editor's desk and sent it whirling out through the open window. What the editor said is superfluous.

Branton was just rising from his chair to recover the manuscript as a ragged urchin entered the door of the Pinetown Chronicle. When he caught sight of the boy he did what any mortal being possessed with an abiding sense of the ridiculous would have done—he fell back into his chair and laughed.

"Here's yer paper, mister," announced the boy by way of introduction. "I seen it blow out th' window an' fetched it in."

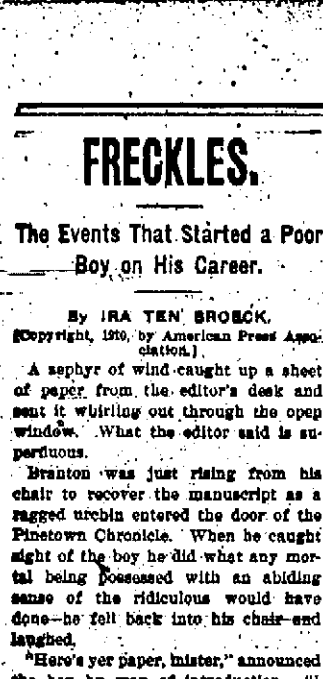
Chance sometimes plays strange tricks. Had anybody told Branton an hour earlier that a gust of wind would blow him fortune he would have laughed at the absurdity of the suggestion.

"Thank you, Freckles," he said. "Here, take this dime for your trouble." The freckled face of the boy broke into a smile as he pocketed the coin and turned to go. He paused at the door, and Branton, looking up from his writing a moment later, saw him standing irresolutely on the doorsill.

Kind hearted Jim Branton was quick to surmise that the lad had something more to say. "Anything I can do for you, son?" he asked kindly.

"N-no, I guess not," answered the boy. "Only I thought p'haps you could give me something to do. Y' see, mister, I don't know nobody here, an' I ain't got no place to go, an' if you could"— He stopped awkwardly and fumbled with his fingers.

A few hours later John Jupin, alias Freckles, late of the city of New York,



"I WANT YOU TO ACT AS REPORTER."

was engaged in sorting the contents of one of those receptacles known in the parlance of the printing office as the hellbox.

The months that followed were strenuous ones for the Chronicle. Pinetown was in the throes of a political battle over the purchase of a municipal waterworks system. From the first Branton stood firm for municipal ownership, and for a time everything seemed favorable, but then the tide turned.

The political party in the minority saw an opportunity to create a sentiment against the project and charged openly that it was a scheme for graft on the part of the party in office. Branton remained firm in his position.

Affairs were at this point when the leader of the opposition made Branton an offer to desert the now unpopular cause.

All this Freckles learned as he toiled over his types, and he gained a keen insight into the contest. At leisure moments he joined groups of politicians on the street and listened unobserved to the discussions. He gathered a fund of information.

The linotypes were merrily humming and clanking one evening a year after Freckles came to the office of the Chronicle. He had made remarkable progress in his work and through the kindness of Branton had attended the sessions of a night school. He bent all his energies to make the best of his opportunities, and at the end of the term he had graduated near the head of his class.

Freckles was perched upon a box setting headings from a case that was too high for him. He was wondering how much longer Branton could hold out, for it was an open secret that the Chronicle was near the end of its resources. Suddenly he read two lines that startled him:

HEAVIEST TAXPAYER RECONSIDERS ATTITUDE.

DONNELLY FAVORS PURCHASE OF WATERWORKS.

"Donnelly!" Where had he heard that name? Then like a flash he remembered—big Jim Donnelly, one of the leaders of the opposition, the man who had been foremost in denouncing the project. Donnelly reconsider? Impossible! Only the day before Freckles remembered he had heard him say: "We have won, boys. The election next November is ours." There was treachery somewhere. He must see Branton.

Excitement prevailed in the editorial rooms of the Chronicle that evening. Branton was jubilant. With Donnelly in favor of the project, its success was assured. The news had startled him, indeed, but he cast all suspicions aside when his reporter came in from a personal interview with the leader. Now he saw the Chronicle restored in the good graces of the public and his sacrifices repaid. Freckles found him merrily typewriting an editorial.

"If you please, Mr. Branton, can I see you a minute?" he asked as the latter paused to make a correction.

Branton wheeled around. "Why, hello, Freckles," he said. "What's the matter? Going to give me notice that you've accepted a position as president of the bank?"

Freckles ignored his interrogation and delved at once into the object of his visit. "Mr. Branton, this head is wrong," he said. "There must be a mistake." Then he repeated what he had heard Donnelly say. Branton smiled amusedly.

"Freckles, you're wrong this time—dead wrong. That head describes with minute exactitude just what has occurred. We had it from Donnelly himself, through Billy Curtis." He turned to his desk. "It's all right. Don't worry!"

Freckles was nonplused. He went slowly back to the composing room, thinking hard. What had made Donnelly change his mind so suddenly, or had he changed? It must all be a mistake. There must be treachery somewhere.

The next day there was great excitement in Pinetown. The office of Jim Donnelly was flooded with visitors, while the big boss passed around cigars to his anxious friends and explained that the esteemed Chronicle had had a "pipe dream." The prestige of that newspaper seemed forever lost—to all except Branton.

In the office of the Chronicle there was equal turmoil. Billy Curtis, the reporter responsible for the article that had set all Pinetown a-quiver with excitement, had resigned and was not to be found. Rumor said he had held an early conference with Donnelly before the presses of the Chronicle were through that morning and had left for the far west. Branton experienced a feeling nearer akin to disappointment than he had yet known. The treachery of Curtis was evident.

The needs of the present aroused him from his reverie. Some one must be found at once to take Curtis' place, some one he could trust. In his dilemma he thought of Freckles.

"I can trust him," he mused. "Anyhow, he can find out what is happening, and I can write the articles at present." So Freckles was roused out of his bed at 10 o'clock by a messenger and ordered to report at the office at once. He went in fear, dreading he knew not what. Branton was awaiting him.

"Freckles," said Branton, "I have made up my mind that we don't need you in the composing room any longer," and Freckles trembled. The next moment he could have shouted for joy. "I want you to act as reporter for me temporarily." Then he explained.

So Freckles went forth from the office an hour later with a jubilant heart notwithstanding the prospects of the Chronicle. Branton had unconsciously stumbled upon one of the secrets of success. He had made an ally of his helper.

He first went to the humble lunch room where he had taken his meals since his arrival in Pinetown. His head was literally awhirl with his sudden promotion. He bore in mind Branton's last words: "And, above all, Freckles, don't let anybody know who you are. Keep that low." In spite of his small stature, Freckles was now eighteen years old, and his sudden good fortune made him feel a man grown. His hard knocks in battling for an existence had taught him many things that were to stand him in good stead. Branton had chosen wisely.

Residents of Pinetown will always recall the events of the following day. The Chronicle was filled with remarks by eminent politicians never meant for publication, with here and there a caustic comment by Branton. The last number of the Chronicle was sold before the sun was two hours high, and Donnelly and his colleagues were raging. The strange part was nobody knew how Branton had secured his information. Nobody had seen him about, nor had any one observed the little figure that quietly lingered near groups of politicians as they conferred in low tones. Freckles went about without attracting suspicion, and the leaders began to whisper of treachery and of betrayed confidence. The next day and the next the Chronicle contained edifying news morsels and told of the growing spirit of disruption among the leaders. Donnelly grew alarmed as leading citizens began to sit up and take notice. The circulation of the Chronicle increased by leaps and bounds. Freckles was, indeed, "making good."

The tide of public opinion soon turned, and Freckles became established in the office of the Chronicle as head reporter, and Branton always said the change was brought about by a sheet of paper blowing from his desk one afternoon.

About a year after his promotion Reporter John Jupin made a trip to New York and after three days' absence returned with a careworn old lady, happiness beaming from her wrinkled face, and introduced her to Branton as "my mother." After that he bought a home in the suburbs, where, like they say in the fairy tales, they lived happy ever afterward.

FIGHT IN THE DARK

Story of a Duel in the Carpetbag Days in the South.

By ROCKFORD KING.

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My father was a South Carolinian. He was graduated at West Point, served twelve years in the artillery, married a northern woman and resigned. Some time after his death I found myself in possession of a plantation in his native state. This was shortly after the civil war, and a plantation in the south was worthless unless made valuable by close attention and special effort. Therefore I resolved to go and live on it and manage it myself.

That was the "carpetbag" period, and there was a great deal of prejudice against northerners. Strange as

AS WE PASSED HIM HE HISSED "YANKEE CUR!"

it may seem, my only intimate friends were two or three ex-officers of the disbanded Confederate armies. Among them was a physician, Dr. Armitage, who had been a regimental surgeon. These men not only called on me, but invited me to their houses. When I told them that I was doubtful as to whether it would pay me to suffer the "slings and arrows" constantly fired at me by my neighbors they promised to stand by me, and if I would be patient the persecution would eventually die down.

Rosalind Armitage, the doctor's daughter, was ten years my junior. There was in her veins through her mother the blood of Norway. This gave her a mingling of physical features that was peculiar, not to say beautiful. She had Titian hair, dark eyes, fair skin, with roses in the cheeks. She was a very hot rebel, but this did not keep us from falling in love with each other. Her father, though my senior by fifteen years, became my intimate friend, and he made no objection to the match. We were married, a few of the neighboring planters coming to the wedding. The balance would not attend the nuptials of a southern girl with a northern man.

The man who persecuted me most effectually was an Irishman named Murphy. He had been an overseer before the war and during the struggle had made money by getting cotton through the Federal lines and selling it at an enormous price. As soon as the Confederacy collapsed he bought a plantation near mine and began to court the society of those who had always regarded him as an inferior. His bitterness against me was intended as a means of currying favor with them.

When it became necessary in consequence of an insult received from Murphy that applied equally to me and to Dr. Armitage to call the enemy to account there arose between the doctor and me a dispute as to which should have the post of combatant. Murphy had stated publicly in the bar of the tavern that Armitage in receiving a "northern mudsill" into his family was a traitor to the south and that he (Murphy) proposed to drive me back north, where I came from. Here were two men insulted. I as the younger man and the first cause of the trouble argued that I should resent it. Dr. Armitage argued that as a northern man I was not fitted for such a contest with a southerner who had belonged to the poor white class, and it was his own part, both for himself and his daughter's husband, to chastise Murphy. And chastisement, of course, meant a shooting match.

Both Mrs. Armitage and my wife, who knew of the trouble, were very much frightened, understanding that Murphy's insult in South Carolina must be resented and dreading the consequences. Armitage called a meeting of several of his intimate friends and asked them what course they recommended, him and me to pursue. They were very indignant at Murphy's act, and some were in favor of sending a committee to him to request that he leave the state. Neither the doctor nor I would assent to this. Then one of the planters asked if some ruse could not be adopted by which Murphy would be put out of the fight. This suggestion found favor with my father-in-law, and he adjourned the meeting, saying that he would think it over.

The result was that the next day he told me he had formed a plan. I was to purposely cheat Murphy and slap his face. Some of our friends were to go with me to see that Murphy did not draw a knife or a pistol on me, the object being to force him to challenge me. The plan the doctor had in view turned upon the terms, which were sure to give me an advantage over my enemy—indeed, so great an advantage that, while I could conquer him, I need not kill him. In other words, the affair was to be not a duel, but a method of ridding us both of Murphy's persecution.

The next evening I went to the barroom of the tavern where Murphy had given the insult and where I knew he was to be found every evening drinking mint juleps. I entered the room with two friends and, that I might not be considered to have come especially to find him, we called for juleps, paying no attention to Murphy, who sat at a table with another man. On seeing me he scowled, but said nothing till we had finished our juleps and were about to leave. As we passed him he hissed:

"Yankee cur!"

I brought the palm of my hand across his cheek and quickly stepped back, and my friends placed themselves between him and me. One of them said to him:

"You have repeatedly injured a man whose ancestors were South Carolinians. He is worthy of his fathers, and, though they were gentlemen, which you are not, he is ready to give you satisfaction. I shall expect to hear from you at my house at your convenience."

With that we left the tavern.

Mr. Murphy now had to choose between sending me a challenge and being considered in the neighborhood what he had called me—a "cur." The challenge came, and I handed it to Dr. Armitage. A reply went back that I would meet Murphy, but, being the challenged party, I must insist on my own terms. These were cavalry sabers in a dark room, the time limit of the contest to be fifteen minutes, at the expiration of which the doors were to be thrown open and the affair ended. The hour of the meeting was to be 8 o'clock p. m. or at twilight.

Twenty-four hours elapsed and we were beginning to think that Murphy had been bluffed when a reply came accepting the terms. A bedroom was secured at the tavern from which every article of furniture was removed except the carpet. There were but two windows, which were boarded up, rendering the room as nearly dark as possible.

At half past 7 Dr. Armitage, my second, and myself entered the tavern and passed upstairs to a waiting room that had been assigned us. The doctor took out of his vest pocket a vial and a camel's hair brush.

"Sit down there," he said, pointing to an easy chair.

I obeyed, and, dipping the brush in the vial, the doctor drew the former across my eyes. This done he bandaged them, and I remained for some twenty-five minutes in total darkness. At 8 o'clock the bandage was removed. I passed across a hallway and entered the room where I was to meet Murphy. There was another door by which he was introduced to the room. The two doors were closed simultaneously, and we were in total darkness.

At least we were supposed to be in total darkness. Murphy was really so, I was not. Dr. Armitage, having dilated the pupils of my eyes by means of a drug and then having kept them bandaged for awhile, had enabled me to take advantage of the little light that filtered through any crack in the windows or between the door and the sill. I was astonished, knowing, as I did, that every possible ray had been shut out from the room, that I could see Murphy with fair distinctness. I could also see that he was oblivious to every object in the room, including myself.

I advanced stealthily and touched his chest with the point of my saber. He drew back, and I made a detour to another part of the room. It was amusing to see him grope, every moment expecting that he might receive a thrust. I could not discover the expression on his face, but his attitudes were quite plain to me. Most of the time he sidled along the wall, but at the slightest sound from me would retreat in any direction his fright dictated.

For awhile I amused myself by getting quite near him and touching him with my saber. His agony at such times must have been extreme. But, finding that my increased sight was diminishing, I presently began to give him some stinging blows with the flat of the steel. In this way I felt justified in punishing him for his insolence and now and again belabored him soundly. He struck at me wildly, but I was never where his thrusts came or his blows fell. Once he made so quick a stab that I barely had time to avoid getting the point of his weapon in my ribs. Irritated, I approached him and gave him a blow on the cheek that drew blood. At that moment the doors were thrown open, and, with a cry of "Time's up!" the seconds rushed in to stop the fray.

The strain on Murphy had been so terrible that as soon as it was over he swooned. I think I should have done the same had an unseen enemy been thrusting a saber at me for a quarter of an hour, I expecting with every thrust to be killed. As it was, I got credit for extraordinary nerve, no one being in the secret except Dr. Armitage, my second, and myself. Neither Mr. Armitage nor my wife knew anything about the affair till it was all over.

Murphy never troubled us again.

Uncanny Signs.

The air is filled with portents dire
That make men quiver and turn pale—
The sky alight with bannered fire!
The peach drop certain not to fail!
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Variety.

New Maid—Please, mum, there's a man at the door come to collect on something yez bought on the installment plan.

Mistress—Ask him whether it's the encyclopedia, the phonograph, the brass bed, the piano or the sewing machine.—Harper's Bazar.

Bent and Broke.

Most people start on pleasure bent—
Alas, it is no joke!—
And when they've spent the last red cent
They come home pleasure broke.
—Chicago News.

Once Was Enough.

Uncle Hiram (at the theater)—Well, Miranda, I guess we'll be goin' now.

Miranda—But there's another act.

Uncle Hiram—I know there be. But it says on the program act 4 same as act 2, and I vum I don't keer to see it twice over.—Boston Transcript.

Is This Hot Enough?

The sun is overhead and hot—
It makes the fielders totter—
But, oh, the ball the pitcher shot
Is more direct and hotter!
—Buffalo Express.

Between Issues.

"I fear the hero of the magazine serial will be bankrupt next month."

"Why so?"

"He leaves a taxicab waiting in the last chapter."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Gourmet.

If life were all a shortcake,
If laws could never tire,
If keen delight graced appetite,
What more could man desire?
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Liked His Father.

"Don't you know that little boys who swear don't go to heaven?"

"That's all right, mister. I'd rather be with pa anyhow."—Pittsburg Press.

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